

Oct. 20, no. 13

The GRAPHIC



OCTOBER 20
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MILE HIGH TENNIS TOURNAMENT OCTOBER 20th AND 21st

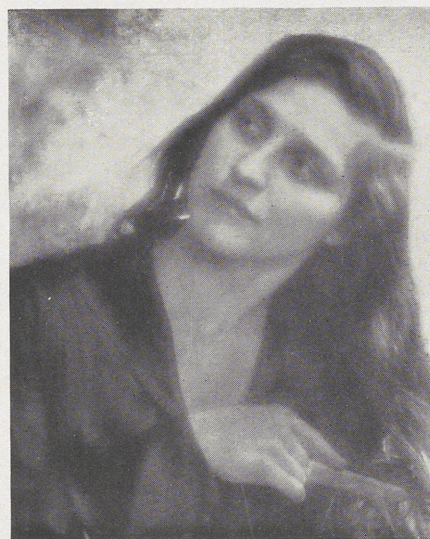
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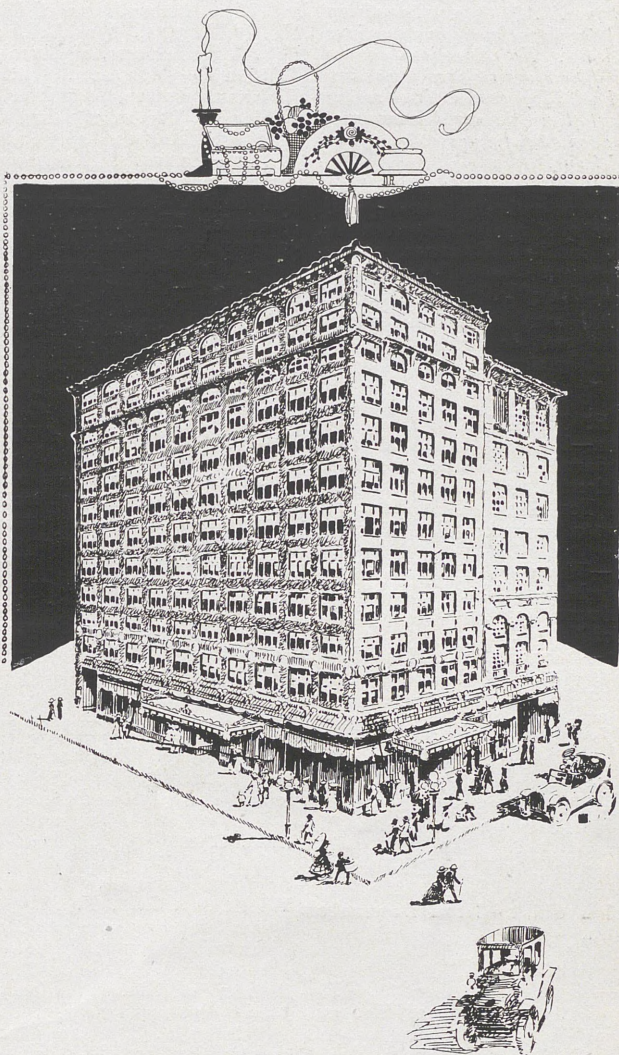
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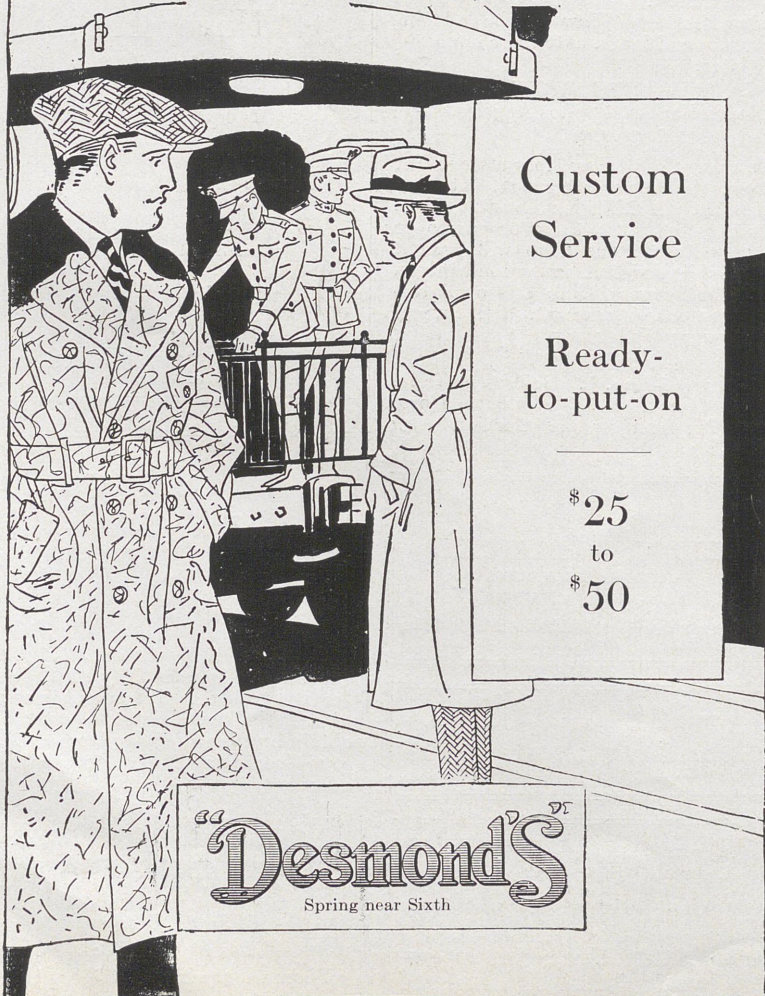
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, A4482 or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

SELANDER—TOMPKINS. Miss Britta Selander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Selander, of Oakland, to Mr. De Ronde Tompkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Snowden Tompkins, of Pasadena.

SPRUILL—WILLIAMS. Miss Nancy Spruill, daughter of Mrs. A. E. Spruill, of Terra Buena, to Mr. Lloyd Leland Williams, of Vallejo.

MADDOX—HARDING. Miss Olive Maddox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lee Maddox, of Sacramento, to Mr. Wylie Harding, son of Mrs. Margaret Harding.

FINLAYSON—FORBES. Miss Beatrice Finlayson, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Frank G. Finlayson, of Los Angeles, to Mr. Charles Forve, son of Mr. Philip Forve.

UHL—DAWSON. Miss Eleanor Uhl of Piedmont, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Uhl, to Ward Dawson of Los Angeles.

WEDDINGS

ORENA—BOBB. October 29. Miss Herminia Orena, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dario Orena, of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, to Mr. Eugene L. Bobb, of Los Angeles.

ORENA—GUILFOIL. October 30. Miss Beatrice Oreno, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dario Orena, to Dr. James A. Guilfoil, of San Louis Obispo.

CRITTENDEN—LANDIS. October 11. Miss Erma L. Crittenden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Crittenden, of Pasadena, to Mr. Arthur H. Landis.

CLARK—JOHNSON. Miss Frances Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Watts Clark, of Hollywood, to Mr. Hobart Wesley Johnson, of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will make their home in San Francisco.

MCCONNELL—CHILDRESS. October 9. Miss Effie McConnell, of Pasadena, to Mr. Marvin Otis Childress. They will make their home in St. Jo, Texas.

HAWKINS—EYMAN. October 15. Miss Nellie Hawkins, daughter of Mrs. Lena Hawkins, of North Fair Oaks Avenue, Pasadena, to Mr. James Eyman, of Lamanda Park.

FUNK—WITTER. Miss Helen Funk, of Oakland, to Lieutenant Guy Witter. The ceremony took place at the home of Lieutenant and Mrs. Burton Schwartz. Lieutenant Witter and Mrs. Witter will be domiciled near Camp Lewis.

MCNEAR—TRAIN. Miss Einnim McNear, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, of San Francisco, to Mr. E. Swift Train, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. McHenry Train, of New York.

WILMANS—DE JUNG. Miss Ione Wilmans, daughter of Mrs. Beatrice Wilmans, of Berkeley, to Mr. William Crittenden de Jung.

GANNON—MARTIN. Miss Marie Gannon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gannon, of Sacramento, to Mr. James C. Martin, son of Mrs. F. L. Hansen, of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will make their home in San Francisco.

BREEN—BRITTAIN. Miss Bessie Breen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Breen, of Sacramento, to Mr. Charles Edward Brittain, of Los Angeles.

LINKS—CARLSON. Miss Edna May

Links, of Sacramento, to Mr. Charles Alfred Carlson Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Carlson.

JOHNS—WOPSCHALL. October 10. Miss Marybelle Johns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johns, of Pasadena, to Mr. William E. Wopshall, brother of Mrs. A. J. Brenner, of Lincoln Avenue.

PORTER—THOMPSON. Miss Martha Newman Porter, daughter of Mrs. William S. Porter, of Glendale, to Mr. Seymour Thompson, of Beverly Hills.

AMES—SMITH. November 6. Miss Ruth Ames, of Pasadena, to Mr. Donnell Smith. A shower was recently given for Miss Ames by Miss Ruth Johnson and Miss Rachel Johnson, of North Los Robles Avenue, Pasadena.

EMBREE—BLACK. October 18. Miss Edna R. Embree, to Mr. Harold A. Black, of Pasadena. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Embree, of North Meridith Avenue.

WARD—VERNADO. Miss Georgiana Mary Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald E. Ward, of Mazatlan, Mexico, to Mr. Ernest Nelson Vernado, of Jackson Miss. The ceremony took place at Monrovia, where Mr. Vernado is stationed at the naval training school.

WELCH—DALLAS. Miss Harriet Welch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Welch, of Long Beach, to Lieut. William J. Dallas, of M. Company, 364th Regiment, National Army. The ceremony was performed at Tacoma Washington.

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

October 20. Pasadena Elk's Show at the benefit fair for the Belgian Relief to be held in Central Park.

October 23. Supper Dance at L. A. A. C.

October 24. Recital given by the Schubert Club, Hotel Alexandria, on Wednesday, 2:30, P. M. "Tales and Tunes of Northern Lands", Bertha Fiske and Katherine Fiske.

October 25. Club Night at L. A. A. C. Review of Roaring Camp pictures; Boxing Bouts; Vaudeville.

October 25. The second meeting of the year of the Browning Club of Pasadena at the home of Mrs. Clare Bryant Heywood, 936 Galena Avenue.

October 26. Uplifter's Annual outing and Three Days Jinks at Coronado, L. A. A. C.

October 27. Annual Halloween dinner dance at the Midwick Country Club.

October 27. Annual Benefit of the Fabiola Hospital Association, Oakland, at Harrison and Twelfth Streets.

October 27. Shriner's Charity Ball, Long Beach, in the Municipal Auditorium.

October 30. Drama, Schubert Club, at 8 P. M., "Othello" Dr. Allison Gaw; Charles Farwell Edson, programme—Hotel Alexandria.

November 3. At Denishawn Dance Theatre, special invitation performances for Schubert Club Members. Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and artists of Denishawn.

November 17. San Diego Freedom Pageant.

RECEPTIONS—LONG BEACH

OCTOBER 27. Shriners Charity Ball in Auditorium.

NOVEMBER 5. H. G. Wells will lecture before Ebell Club.

MUSIC

October 24. San Diego. The Amphion Club offer a second concert, Wednesday afternoon, when they will present the Russian brothers, Leo, Jan and Michel Cherniavsky in two trio numbers and solo work.

Friday evening, Oct. 26, Olga Steeb, Pianist, Trinity Auditorium.

Saturday afternoon, October 27th, Jeanne Jomelli, Soprano, Trinity Auditorium.

Tuesday evening, October 30th, Cherniavsky Trio, Trinity Auditorium.

Tuesday evening, October 30th, Cherniavsky Trio, Trinity Auditorium.

Saturday afternoon, November 3rd, Cherniavsky Trio, Trinity Auditorium.

Tuesday evening, November 6th, Ellis Club.

Saturday afternoon, November 10th, Leo Ornstein, Pianist, Trinity Auditorium.

November 12th, La Scala Grand Opera Company, Clune's Auditorium.

October 24. San Diego. Cherniavsky Trio, Nov. 7, Leo Ornstein; Jan. 9, Mme. Maud Powell; Jan. 23, Leopold Godowsky; Feb. 13, Mrs. Edward A. MacDowell; March 20, Theo Karle.

Thursday evening, November 15th, Alma Gluck, Prima Donna Soprano at Trinity Auditorium.

November 16. Jomelli, soprano, at the Auditorium, Long Beach.

Saturday afternoon, November 17th, Alma Gluck, Prima Donna Soprano at Trinity Auditorium.

Friday evening, November 30th, Orpheus Club at Trinity Auditorium.

TENNIS

October 20. Mount Lowe, at Alpine Tavern, tennis tournament.

December 24. National Indoor Jr. Championship, Seventh Regiment T. C., N. Y.

January 7. Midwinter Championship, Pinehurst (N. C.) C. C.

February 4. Women's Invitation, Heights Casino, Brooklyn.

February 6. Carnival Championship, Beretania T. C. Honolulu, Hawaii.

February 11. National Indoor Singles Championship, Seventh Regiment T. C., N. Y.

BENCH SHOWS

October 25. Hudson County Kennel Club, Union Hill, N. J.

October 28. Empire Beagle Club Field Trials, Sarstoga Lake, N. y.

October 29. New Jersey Beagle Club Trials, Roseland, N. J.

October 31—Nov. 3. San Antonio Kennel Club, San Antonio Texas.

November 7-10. Houston Dog Fanciers Ass., Houston, Texas.

November 14-15. Boston Terrier Club Specialty Show, Boston, Mass.

November 15-17. Los Angeles. R. C. Halsted, Secy. Entries close

November 1st.

November 30. National Maltese Dog Club, New York.

December 14-15. San Francisco. R. C. Halsted, Secy. Entries close

December 1st.

January 18-19. San Diego. R. C. Halsted, Secy.

The Pasadena Show will be held in February or March, date to be announced later.

AUTO SHOW

November 12-17. Los Angeles.

GOLF

October 23. Flag tournament for women, Tuesday afternoon, at one o'clock, at the Midwick Country Club.

Entrance fee \$1.00, the proceeds to go to Red Cross. The Club will present two trophies for first and second prizes.

Men's Golf events, Club Cup on Saturday when entries warrant. Bell Sweepstakes every Wednesday.

HORSE SHOWS

October 27-Nov. 8. Columbus, Ohio.

November 12-17. National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

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Los Angeles Kennel Club

Inaugural Dog Show

November
15, 16, 17
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Entries Close November 1st

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The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

ELBRIDGE D. RAND, - - - - - Editor and Publisher
ALFRED L. FENTON, - - - - - General Manager
CHAS. A. HAWLEY - - - - - Advertising Manager

Vol. 51

OCTOBER 20, 1917

No. 13

CONTENTS

	PAGE
COVER, by Norman Bel-Geddes	
MRS. ELTINGE T. BROWN (FRONTISPIECE) - - - - -	7
NOTES OF THE WEEK - - - - -	8
BY THE WAY - - - - -	9-10
SEEN AT THE BON MARCHE, by Ruth Ann Wilbur - - - - -	11
THE MELTING POT, by E. D. Taggart - - - - -	12-13
THE ART OF THE MOMENT, by Jessie Maude Wybro - - - - -	14
H. O. DAVIS, FILM REVOLUTIONARY, by Walter Vogdes - - - - -	15
FROM A BROADWAY WINDOW, by Hamilton Little - - - - -	16
PLAYS AND PLAYERS, by Walter Vogdes - - - - -	17
NEW MODES DESCRIBED, by Violet Rayte - - - - -	18-19
WEEK IN SOCIETY, by Ruth Burke Stephens - - - - -	20-22
SOME RECENT BOOKS, by Jo Neely - - - - -	24
NOTES AND HALF NOTES, by W. Francis Gates - - - - -	26
MOTOR NOTES, by Lew Head - - - - -	28
UNIVERSITY EXTENSION, by Dr. James Main Dixon - - - - -	30
KENNEL COMMENT, by R. C. Halsted - - - - -	32

Publishers' Announcement

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THE GRAPHIC is published on the 1st, 10th and 20th of every month by Elbridge D. Rand, at 424 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.

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The Graphic

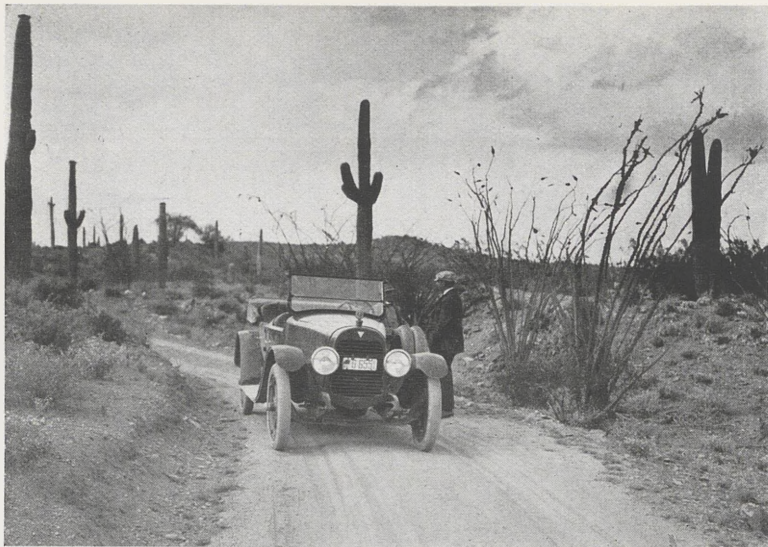
SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Hoover Studio

MRS. ELTINGE T. BROWN

Of Los Angeles, and her young son. Mrs. Brown, who before her marriage, as Miss Clarisse Stevens, was one of the Southland's most charming debutantes, is equally as popular now as one of the younger society matrons



NOTES OF THE WEEK

PLEDGING THE OPEN DOOR in China to the United States, Viscount Ishii has given new evidence of Japan's desire to cooperate with America. Coupled with this statement is the declaration that Japan expects to maintain a sort of far-eastern "Monroe Doctrine," as well for her own protection as for the peace of Asia. Let us examine both of these interesting announcements: It will be remembered that the late John Hay, as secretary of state, first broached America's "open door" attitude toward China, in a note to the leading European powers in 1899. But it was Japan, not America, that made the open door possible, by checkmating Russian absorption of Manchuria, unaided by the United States or any other power, and, later, by ejecting Germany from the province of Shantung, where the Boche had literally dug himself in, defiant of China's protests. When Secretary Hay declared for the "open door" Russia's reply was to hoist the Russian flag over the Chinese customs house at Newchang, reserving to herself the right to levy customs duties on foreign imports in her "sphere". Japan it was that took up the gage and, single-handed, fought Russia, only to be deprived of the fruits of her victory by the concert of powers.

It is also well to remember that Japan did not originate "the sphere of influence." It was because the European powers were bent upon the exploitation of China that Japan was obliged to step in and take such measures as might be necessary to safeguard her position in the far east against any emergency that might arise from such an unhappy condition. As contrasted with her 204,000 square miles of "sphere" in south Manchuria, eastern inner Mongolia, and elsewhere, England controls 1,199,000 square miles; Russia, 1,821,000, and France 146,700, all secured practically for nothing, while Japan's comparatively small proportion of the whole cost her the blood of a hundred thousand of the flower of her population, for that was the cost of the war which was forced upon her by Russia. If the "open door" means equal commercial opportunities for all nations, Japan has not only compelled Russia to observe the doctrine, but has herself strictly adhered to it.

On the authority of Mr. Kawakami, author of "Japan In World Politics," recently reviewed in *The GRAPHIC*, Japan has never interfered with any treaty port or vested interest, has never levied higher harbor dues, or charged higher railway rates on foreign ships or merchandise, and has

never interfered with the treaty tariff of China, certain western critics to the contrary, notwithstanding. This "open door and equal opportunities for all trading nations" has been Japan's fixed policy in China, hence Viscount Ishii's announcement is really the stressing of what has become an established fact. Japan's commercial advance in Manchuria is due to the conveniences and facilities afforded by the Japanese to everybody in regard to banking institutions, railway connections, and postal and telegraph service, which are far superior to those extended by the Russian and Chinese institutions. Also, in her commercial rivalry with America, Japan has benefited herself by taking advantage of natural laws of trade due to contiguity, heavy investment in China, her own big population there consuming Japanese goods and for kindred contributing reasons.

Who can blame her for making supreme efforts to become a dominant economic factor in China? But there is no reason why Japan and the United States cannot cooperate in China to their mutual benefit and also to the advantage of the Chinese. Once let Japan clearly understand that America has no political ambition in the far east, but is content with the enforcement of her Monroe Doctrine in her own hemisphere, all will be well. There is every reason why Japan should seek to guard the orient against European encroachments. Her position is that enunciated by President Wilson in his address to the senate last January when he said, "the doctrine of President Monroe should be the doctrine of the world: that no nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful."

S. T. C.

NINE SONS OF SIX cabinet officers are affiliated with the army and navy in various branches of the service. On the authority of the United States Official Bulletin, William G. McAdoo, Jr., son of the secretary of the treasury, is under training in the aviation section in the naval reserve, and a second son, Robert H., has also enlisted in the naval reserve. Josephus Daniels, Jr., son of the secretary of the navy, is a private in the United States marine corps. Franklin K. Lane, Jr., son of the secretary of the interior, is a first lieutenant in the signal corps, under training to become an aviator. David Franklin Houston, Jr., son of the secretary of agriculture, is an ensign in the navy. Humphrey F. Redfield, son of the secretary of commerce, is an ensign in the navy. William B. Wilson, secretary of labor has given three sons to the war. William B., Jr., is attending one of the officers' training camps. Another son, Joseph B., is a second lieutenant in the national army, and a third son, James H., is a corporal of field artillery. It is an excellent showing, and while Secretary Wilson carries off the honors for numbers, with Secretary McAdoo second, Secretary Daniels' son appears to be the only private in the nine, assuming that both sons of Mr. McAdoo will receive commissions in the aviation service. That they will all prove worthy sons of their worthy sires is foreshadowed by their early response to the call to the colors.

S. T. C.

BY THE WAY

ELIZABETH DEUEL, the quiet little attendant at the desk in the art gallery at Exposition Park Museum, is one of the proudest individuals imaginable. And who wouldn't be with such a handsome and accomplished soldier brother as Major Thorne Deuel, Junior Military Aviator of the United States Army? The Major has been passing a few days in Los Angeles, visiting his pettily pretty sister and renewing old acquaintances. Major Deuel, who has been stationed at Coronado for some time past, will soon leave for the east to await orders to go to the front in France. Just when these will come is not certain but it is a matter of a very short time now from instructions already received. So his visit has been in the nature of a leave-taking of his sister. Miss Deuel, however, stontly maintains that she will enlist in some branch of the service and follow him as soon as possible, the two being very good chums as the younger in a family of four. Two older sisters reside in the east. The Major is a graduate of West Point in the class of 1912 and has served under General Pershing in the Mexican campaign, and was in the advance column of the Tenth Cavalry, which was cut off from all communication with the base of supplies for six weeks in that memorable campaign which cost so many lives with so little gain recently in Mexico. So he has seen exciting actual service already. He is also a member of the Aero Club of America, and has distinguished himself in the art of flying since taking up this branch of war service.

THE TEXANS AT SAN DIEGO

THERE are ten gay young lieutenants from Texas quartered at Linda Vista just now, all graduates of Texas University, and all "Devilish good sharpshooters" as one of their number ingeniously confided to an admiring listener. Not one of them is over 27, and Coronado, under the kindly hospitality of J. J. Hernan, entertained them with a sumptuous dinner party recently. The whole merry party of them marched in singing their college song, "The Eyes of Texas are upon You" in perfect harmony—and needless to say that dinner was no dull stodgy affair. One of their number is young Lieut. Frank Bushick, of Prussian heritage, who, with his friend, Lieut. C. Lionel Parr, who claims kinship to the famous Parr's Bank of London, were the ebullient leaders of all the fun. Other members of the dashing party that is in a fair way to be spoiled with luxurious hospitality in San Diego are Lieuts: Erwin W. Lange, Robert R. Cannon, Curtis Hill, Leslie Flowers, H. S. Jones, J. R. Figh, Herbert Anderson and C. Cherry. They all received their first training at Camp Funston and naively credit their efficiency to Capt. Hoffman, whom they describe as "a regular old martinet but one of the best".

DEAR OLD MANHATTAN?

IT IS now and then apparent that the great and noble, sound and stable principals of Law and Order, Science, System, or Exactness, and all their offshoots do not completely kill or even always mangle the more delicately subtle more evidently noble manifestations of Nature, as grace and beauty, symmetry rhythm, metre, melody, terrible emotion, light and shadow, line or mass or sound or color, ad infinitum, all the component elements, those throbbings of every natural or poetic pulse. Here is an example of some of these yet living in the breast of Delphin M. Delmas, the fore-finger of the Law, who met the question as to how he liked New York and New Yorkers, by writing on a hotel register these passionately potent yet natural throbbings:—It gives us in California a true heart beat of the metropolis.

*"Vulgar of manner, over fed,
Over dressed and under bred,
Heartless, Godless, hell's delight*

*Rude by day and lewd by night
Panders to the dissolute
Ruled by Jew and prostitute
Purple robed and pauper clad,
Rotten, raving, money mad,
A squirming herd in money's rush
A wilderness of human flesh,
Crazed by avarice, lust and rum,
New York, thy name's Delirium."*

ORRIN PECK LIKES CALIFORNIA

A HIGHLY interesting but fleeting visitor to Los Angeles was Mr. Orrin Peck, the English portrait painter, who, after a few days at the Alexandria, left for Salt Lake last week. Mr. Peck not only won fame on his own account, but, with the purchase of Whistler's House in Chelsea, London, known as The White House, in which he has lived for many years, was regarded as a successor of that famous artistic figure. Very unlike an artist in appearance—rotund and jolly and considerable of an epicurean, Mr. Peck hobnobs with all the famous artists of the world, and has a fund of stories to tell about them. He is a friend of our own Joseph Greenbaum, the portrait painter, with whom he studied in Munich. Mr. Peck has just sold Whistler's house to a Member of

Parliament in England and expects to return to California at an early date.

A NOTHER intensely interesting military visitor recently in the city was Major George Dailey, who with his charming wife enjoyed the hospitality of the handsome home of the A. Scott Ormsbys in South Pasadena. Major Dailey was on his way eastward, to his next station in Battle Creek, Michigan, after seven years in the Philippines with the colonial army. Not only did the Major have much of fascinating interest to tell of life in a faraway tropical island army post but he had just passed through a most exciting experience in crossing the wake



MAJOR THORNE DEUEL

Junior military aviator, now stationed "somewhere in Texas"

of two terrific typhoons. One of the officers aboard the ship declared that in seventy-four years he had never seen such a storm, and not one of the regiment aboard ever expected to see land again. "Jack London may have been able to paint typhoons with great splashes of color, but he never, I warrant, experienced such a storm as that. I was proud of my comrades aboard. The experience certainly showed what the army discipline does for our boys and the quality of their courage. And when the time comes for us to go to France we shall slip away quietly under the cover of darkness, perhaps never to be heard from again. I believe in a stricter censorship in these matters; there are too many foreigners in this country to make it safe otherwise. Now, as never before, too, we should realize that we are one country, indivisible, and the West should pull just as strongly as the East in this tremendous struggle."

UNIVERSITY WOMEN SACRIFICE

IF your Alma Mater is U. C., Berkeley, you might be interested in the news that the Parthenia, the pageant play, which is given annually by the women of the University, is not to happen this year. WAR is the reason. It seems that the University has, in most instances, cut down on all extravagances since the beginning of the year—and though the Parthenia has become a part of the life of the University, and has been the one really beautiful product of the creative genius discovered there, yet the women of the University will forsake it for the economy that the sacrifice will entail. This is a big sacrifice to you who have ever donned the ghoulish garb of a fairy sprite, and danced across a soft green carpet before a swirling audience.

BY THE WAY

A NEW WRITER

THERE are rumors of a very promising new writer in the person of Miss Nina Jones, the daughter of Mrs. Milo Potter, of Santa Barbara. Miss Jones has long had literary aspirations and has been studying under Crane Hamilton, who found her work so promising that even Sylvester Viereck of the International conceded it some eulogies. Miss Jones has written some attractive verse, and is now engaged on the writing of a novel. It is probable there will also be some essays from her pen. She was a graduate of the Girls' Collegiate School, in Los Angeles, and has many friends here.

OUR GALLANT YOUNG CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN Ardis Robertson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Robertson, of Los Angeles, gained his laurels with dizzy swiftness. He had volunteered for the training camp at Monterey in 1916; so directly this country joined the war, he went to Presidio for officer's training. The day before the announcements were to be made, he wrote to his people modestly hoping he might secure at least a second lieutenantcy. Instead, he was created a captain, and complimented upon the unusual ability he had shown. He has now been sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and expects to be amongst the next contingent to go to France.

A REAL KILTIE

THE British Recruiting Staff in Los Angeles, has just been augmented by a real Highland Laddie in the person of Sergeant C. Rayner of the Scottish Canadians, who has just returned from the hospital, after seeing the war from the very beginning. He wears the plaid kilt and sporran, the Scottish bonnet and the white adorned spats of the Scottish Canadians, who went over with the first volunteers in the American Legion raised in Canada. He joined that regiment with his three sons, going directly from this country, all his sons having been born in Louisville, Kentucky. The sergeant himself is a veteran soldier, formerly of the Imperial Cameronians in Scotland which he joined as a boy. He is an eloquent speaker, and is here to bring a message to his countrymen in Southern California, asking them to take their place in the firing line, and let the men who have been fighting for three years have a rest. One of his sons, Flight Lieutenant Oliver Rayner, was killed in Flanders last week, but the others are still with their regiment at Arras, right beside the new American army. Sergeant Rayner speaks of what he has seen and known by personal experience and it is a grim story. That official report on the crimes of Germany, issued by the French-Belgian-British Commission was in no wise exaggerated.

WHEN THE GOLFERS GO TO WORK

TIME was when the leisured golfer made the game his chief interest in life. But the war is changing all that. It is no longer good form to dally in idle richness. Many of them, of course, have taken to military duties, but even those who are over age, or otherwise exempt have felt the urge of work and service. One of the most recent recruits to industry is Y. L. Mott, a Los Angeles unattached beau of long standing, who devoted his time to golf and the house committee duties of the Los Angeles Country Club. Now he shines as assistant manager of the Palace Hotel at San Francisco, for which his housewifely traits at the country club doubtless prepared the way. One of the pet excursions of Los Angeles friends just now, is to run up and see Ygnacio working. He is thoroughly enjoying the joke—his very first job—and acquitting himself with eclat. He knows everybody worth knowing in California, both ends of the state, and Mrs. Eleanor Martin, San Francisco's grand dame, hastened to take him under her protective wing.

Then there is Morris Phillips, one time star golfer, who, although he owned Redland's acres of oranges, seemed to have no more serious ambition in life than another golf championship. He has now taken to the newspaper business and works like a Trojan ten hours a day.

Henry Newby, of Pasadena, was formerly a banker, but golf seemed to be his main interest. He too, is now shining as a worker at the Fairmont, in San Francisco, and wears a furrowed wrinkle between his eyebrows.

Harold B. Lamb, a golf champion de luxe, was just on the point of becoming Game and Fish Commissioner of Utah, when he decided to donate an ambulance for service in France. He is now driving it himself instead.

THE CIVILIAN EMBARGO

EVERY now and then we get a hint of the complications of life in England. We have little idea, for instance, of the numerous commodities that are now practically a closed market. It is, for instance, absolutely forbidden to manufacture sport cartridges or shot of any kind. That form of sport which was the very breath of the Britisher's nostrils, is strictly, adamantly verboten; and has been for two and a half years. He may kill all the Germans he likes, but never a bird or a hare. And, with the submarines sinking oil ships with painful regularity, gasoline has become a precious fluid. No civilian can buy gasoline for any purpose whatever in Great Britain today. The motor busses are being run with coal gas, and they look wierd uncanny contrivances with huge balloons of coal gas floating above them as they ply their routes along the London streets. Leather is another precious commodity. No civilian may purchase sole leather. All boots, except for army purposes, have to be made of a composition which is inspected with stern diligence by the government.

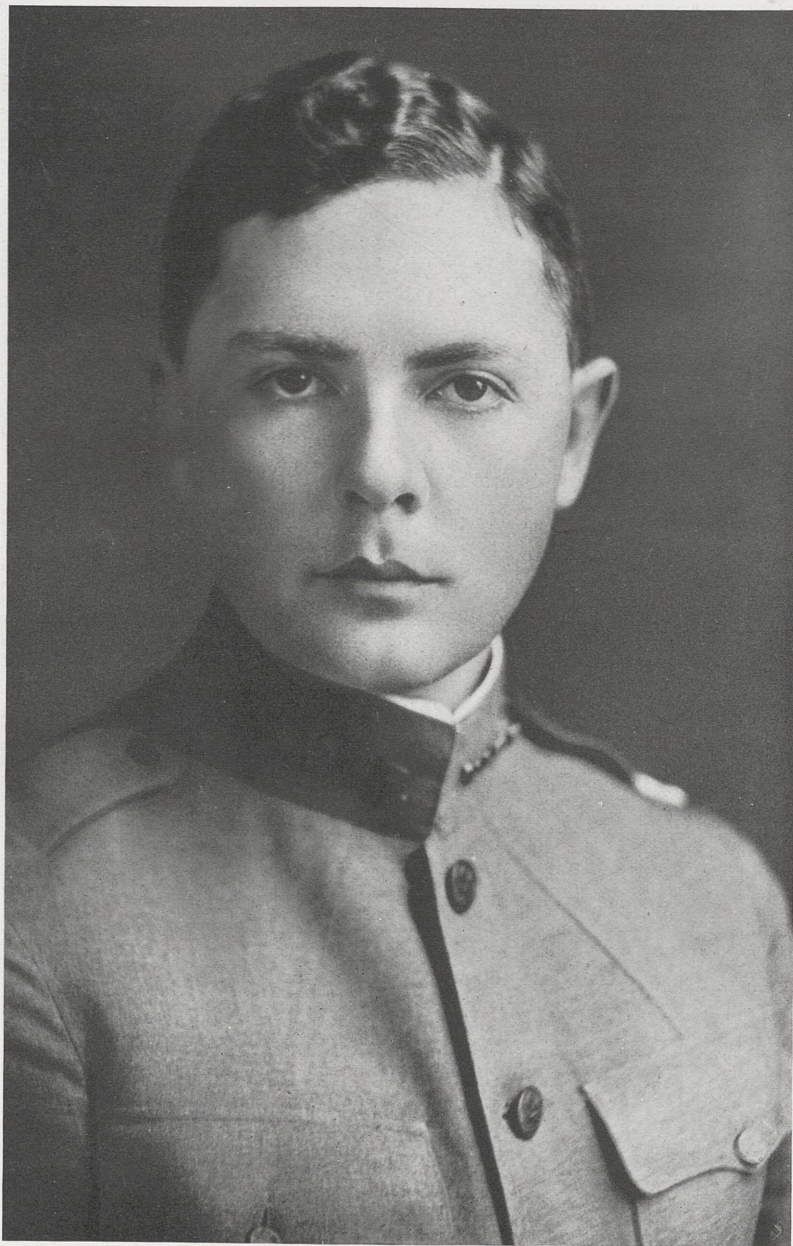
We, who are so far from the maddening scene of war, have little notions of the privations that really attend it. Fortunate we are that we can still purchase anything for which we have the price.

A WORD TO THE WISE

HAIL Yuletide! With the hot weather still able to deal us lively if parting blows it seems a curious time to talk of Christmas and Christmas gifts. Yet that is just what the U. S. government is doing. We are informed that if we want our lads in France to open a surprise package on the morning of December 25th it's time to be bestirring ourselves. Those genial gentlemen, Secretaries Baker and Daniels, tell us we must get our Christmas packages off by November 15. I believe the editors of our big monthly magazines are partly responsible for moving Christmas up a few

months. As soon as July Fourth is past they call in the staff cover artist and direct him to get up something tasty for the Christmas number. And articles are prepared on "Curious Christmas Customs on the Congo," and "Christmas As An Actress Sees It," by Mrs. Fiske—or some other famous player. Next the merchants tell us to "shop early." And now the government follows suit. So paste it in your hat—if you want Dillwyn to receive that ivory inlaid cigarette case, and those extra dry cigars you were intending to buy him—it isn't too early to start to get ready to pick them out. Uncle Sam says so.

Arnold Bennet, the author and dramatist, makes a good point. "Think less of the military impotence of Russia," he tells his countrymen, "and more of the potentiality of the United States." That is well warranted optimism. One is negative, the other positive. It is the latter force that makes a worthwhile impression.



CAPTAIN ARDIS ROBERTSON

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Robertson who has made rapid progress since joining the forces

SEEN AT THE BON MARCHE

By RUTH ANN WILBUR



THE MELTING POT

By E. D. TAGGART



THE FANCY WORK AND LINGERIE ROOM

In the foreground Mrs. E. T. Pettigrew sewing skirts for Mary Pickford pigmies, while back of her Mrs. W. A. Barker, Mrs. Billie Hon, and Mrs. Frank King are likewise plying enchanted needles.

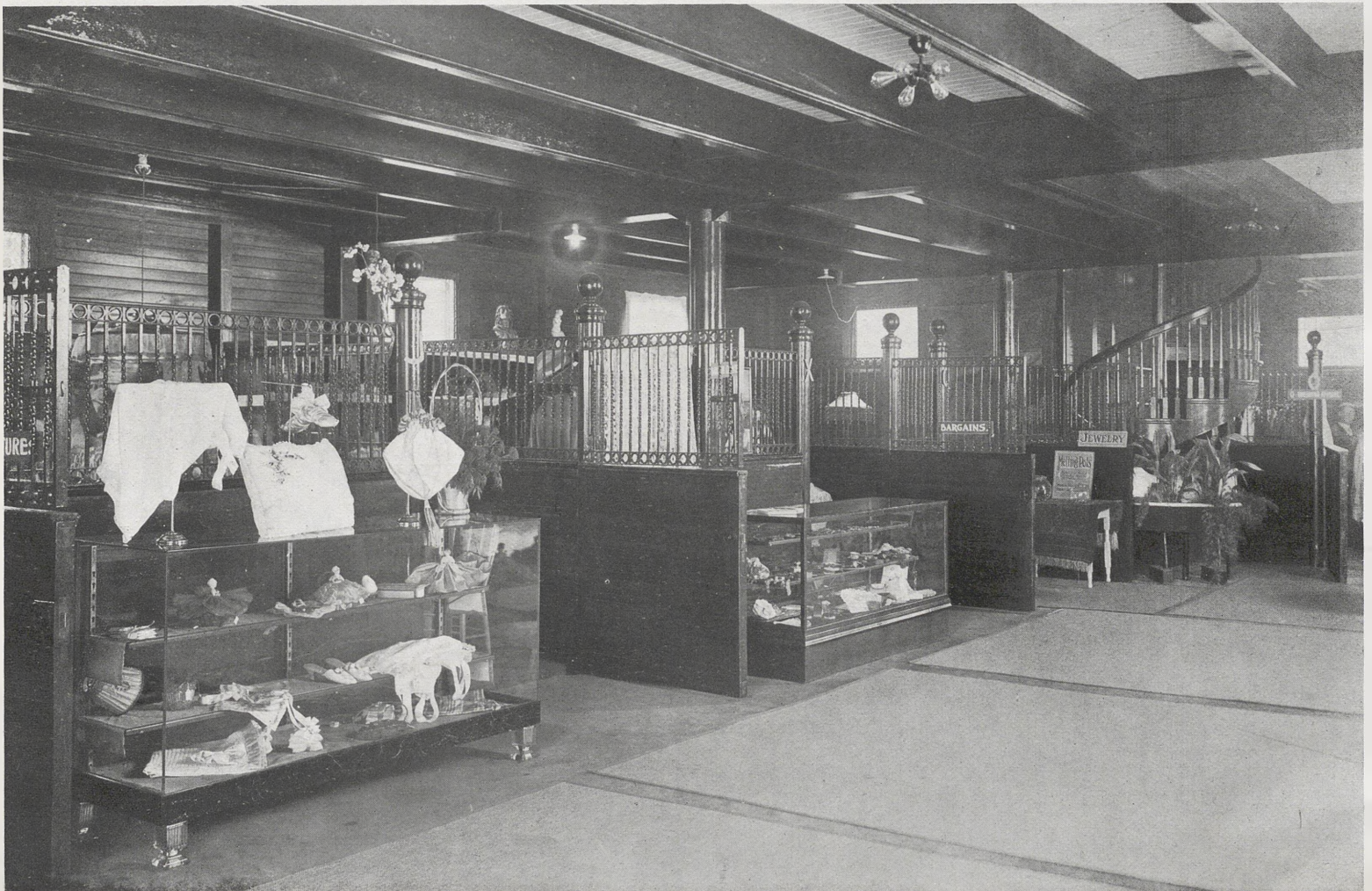
PLEASE, please bring all your old gold and silver. Anything you have discarded—which you no longer wear, or have ceased to value. The Red Cross Shop can utilize the slightest thing. Our Melting Pot disgorges daily old broken cuff links, queer ornately over-decorated vases, backs of hair brushes, tips of gold from glasses' nosepieces, and old bits of broken chains and brooches. The lump melted from the first day's contribution alone brought us the sum of \$128.60, a decided asset from such an humble quarter.

Every one can help us here if he will but search the dusky corners of his trunks or jewel cases." Even as they spoke two women challenged one another to cast in jewels they were wearing at the moment. There was a breathless silence, when one gasped and said, "I would, but it came all the way from Australia from one . . .", and so they snatched away the sudden golden moment when the Melting Pot could quite deservedly have tipped its rounded democratic nose an atom higher.

Having visited the stalls where jewels and jellies, lingerie and books and dogs, vegetables and tapestries were separately arrayed to best advantage, we paused for tea in that effective ultra submarine-blue tearoom, where there presides a hostess whose capacity for patience and good nature are extraordinary and yet typical of the spirit of the women working there. Hers is not the only burden—still it is a fearful thing to have one find the tea too hot, perhaps too strong, to want it in a tea-ball, or without; to be forced to see some patron who has apparently had her fill of sandwiches and cakes which are aplenty and delicious, has not had her fill at all, and that a quarter has been stinted from her. But there are other days. Wednesday last the tearoom buzzed with a Jazz band, and the voices of 250 San Pedro marines who were so feted that they've asked to come again. It must have been a jolly scene. . . another Wednesday . . . ?

Of all the stalls the bargain counter is the safest bet. It is a joy to bargain seekers. When an article has failed to sell at its low price in the salesroom, it is marked down a few more peps, and "sure to sell" from the Bargain Counter in the stable. There are good gold slippers here, or silver, and countless other finds it they but strike your fancy. Everything is contributed; even the bits of silk brocade, or tapestry, or mandarin that grace a work basket or lamp, or dress a charming Mary Pickford doll. Most valuable of all contributions however, is the time given by these women to make the really beautiful things they do, day after day, from early morning until evening, so that the funds can spell *all profit*. Perhaps the things created by them are become more beautiful for the spirit which inspires them.

In the main work room they were making the new bandages. Women had come from parts everywhere over the country to learn how to shape these hospital dressings. They had already spent the greater part of the day there, and were served luncheon so that this could be made possible. Often they would rush up to the busy woman who is in charge there, and rush back again with a selvedge on the outside when it should have been otherwise, or vice versa. But a student who is just beginning does not begin at the selvedge.



There is a lesson first in cutting, and a lecture with it. Then follow eight lessons in making surgical dressings; then twenty hours of practise work, and a final examination, which is signed and sent to Washington. When it is signed there and returned, the student has become a pupil teacher. A knowledge of all bandages and surgical dressings, and another examination, this time from Washington, and the pupil teacher has become a full-fledged Instructor.

Fifty women work on an average of four days a week. During last week 1090 dressings were sent to San Francisco. Already two hospital units have been supplied—and now everyone is so relieved for the supplies are being shipped directly to France. Since March 1, 70,000 dressings have been made, some forty auxiliaries having contributed to the work done at headquarters.

On Thursday of every week the graduate nurses in the city come for the day and work on surgical dressings; and the rest of the week the women who can, devote regular hours there. Once the dressings are completed and examined at headquarters, they are stored away and kept under lock and key by one in whom their safe keeping is entrusted. Every article produced is numbered and listed to the credit of the department in which it was made, with no loss of material, or time, or labor.

The Canfield home has become a hive of busy departments. The first floor is devoted to the surgical dressings. The second floor is divided into the work-rooms, the salesroom, the lecture room, the cutting room, the store room, and the diet kitchen. The salesroom is the functioning organ of the shopping structure. Here gowns are made over and renovated so that they are built upon the newest lines, if they were not already so, and the same with hats, and coats, and slippers, et cetera. Some of the things contributed are new—for every week new gowns come from such representative houses as Myer Siegels and the Unique Cloak and Suit House, these houses, together with several others having more than generously donated their services.

The possibility of being able to buy expensive garments at such reasonable prices is paving the way for many to possess garments that would otherwise be priced exorbitantly; and which they might not feel able to buy. Besides the things are lovely. Many of them can prove an alibi for their loveliness in the person of some admiring "Movie" light, who knows. So the Shop idea is doing double duty. It is still primarily for the benefit of the Red Cross; but it may benefit you if you care to take advantage of this personal way of helping out the Red Cross. In the meantime the garments which fail to sell in the salesroom are marked down and sent to the Bargain Counter in the Shop. Here they invariably sell.



THE NOVELTY DEPARTMENT AND BARGAIN SALES

Miss G. Laughlin, saleslady, is bargaining with Mrs. Wm. D. Barnard and Mrs. Chester Montgomery, who holds the famous fan which is to be raffled.

The third floor of the Canfield Home is given up to the antics of First Aid, who do all sorts of queer acrobatic feats with stretchers and beds. But for the exception of one room where the comfort kits are made, the First Aid classes have almost everything their own way.

Since a week ago Tuesday, \$4100.00 has been taken in, and with the exception of an expense of \$67.00 for materials et cetera, everything has been donated. It is a very wonderful work these women are doing, and praise must go to them all as a working unit, for that is what their organization amounts to. The Red Cross has become a great Melting Pot, where all are engaged in the same work, discovered on the same footing, inspired by the same motives, and compensated only by the joy in the good they do.



THE ART OF THE MOMENT

By JESSIE MAUDE WYBRO

LAST year's hat may compete for a green spot in our memory with the man who held our hand at a last year's dance. But not so a last year's art. An art that is gone is not only gone, but everlastingly condemned to the regions of—well, the place Billy Sunday has been talking about, not to sully the pages of this most polite periodical by mentioning the unmentionable. In that place Futurism is now smouldering—according to the best authorities. At any rate, our local art is free from its insanity—for which glory be! The Eighth Annual Exhibition of the California Art Club, which opened with a reception in the gallery at Exposition Park on Thursday evening, October 4th, spells the death and burial of any tendency in that direction. The art that flourishes here in the glowing light and wide spaces of the southwest was never seriously inoculated with the obnoxious bacillus, the isolated cases that appeared being merely sporadic; and now that the disease has been stamped out where it raged the worst, the sane and wholesome art of ours shows not a lingering germ.

The numerous canvases presented by the members of the Art Club are by no means uniform, but the tendency to return to the so-called academic method is strongly marked. There are, to be sure, one or two backgrounds that howl, and here and there some perfectly good paint spoiling some otherwise perfectly good canvas with meaningless chunks of color. But on the whole, the reactionary tendency—so far as reaction was necessary—is plainly discernible. Good drawing, careful craftsmanship, symphonizing of colors, are seen on every side. We may even dare to look for perspective, and praise it when it is present. Impressionism—Futurism may be said to be Impressionism raised to the *nth* degree—deriving as it did very largely from Japanese art, leaped furiously upon this carefully wrought out device of western art as its deadliest foe; perspective, in fact, has all the symptoms of languishing away under the assault; but now that Impressionism is doing some languishing on its own, perspective has taken heart to put in an appearance again. Donna Schuster's "In the Garden" in the present exhibition,—a charming thing of light and color—by-the-way, with the sun-lit green that this artist particularly delights in,—shows a beautiful perspective,—an open, sunny path under drooping tips of palm wings leading up to a little round pond where a young girl is seated. The pleasure the eye receives by being thus led through converging lines to some object that focuses beyond is undeniably great,—comparable to the effect of a climax pleasantly anticipated, and delightfully fulfilled.

The fact that academic methods are once more *de rigueur* does not mean that there is a turning back into outworn channels. It means simply that the new art that lost its head, flung its skill to the winds and has received a wholesome check,—has been made to take a legible stand, and verify its position; it has been compelled to answer the question What is Art? And the answer has come in plain tones in its return to allegiance to established principles. The futurists said that art was the ability to express what you felt—and call it any old thing; they held up to derision the precepts of beauty wrought out by the seeking and the skill of the centuries; they gave us coarse and brutal forms, colors that shrieked into our eyes, and produced in us a mental *mal de mer*; they hurled blatant bombs that deafened us when we listened for a strain of beauty. Well, they have gone to their reward; or rather, brought up flat against the lack of it. The artists who espoused their principles are said to be starving in the streets, for the dealer who will take any of their concoctions is not to be found. Modern art is still modern art, but the strong reaction has shorn it of its debauched vision. Beauty, verity, harmony of proportion, are enthroned once more upon the pedestal where the art of all ages has placed them. Much has been gained by the new movement,—not particularly by Futurism, except in so far as the cosmic intelligence was bombarded into an awakened interest. Art cannot advance in the face of indifference. When the Futurists began storming the citadels of art with their brutalities, materialism, one of the loathsome brood of that Prussian *kultur* that all civilization has been forced to take arms against, had laid its deadly hold upon the intellectual life of the world; their assault has at least had the merit of having roused slumbering interest. But the modern movement in its entirety, denuded of its extreme tangents, has been a vitalizing influence. It has liberated art from the conventionality into which it had fallen. The new art has acquired from it spontaneity, freshness, vitality,—above all, freedom of expression.

The art of the southwest has no tedious convalescence to live through, having never succumbed to the ultra-modern tendency that wrought such distemper in the artistic system elsewhere. It pursued the beauty-loving tenor of its way when the Futurist was being hailed as the prophet of a new age. And now that the Futurist—nay, even the Post-Impressionist—is being pilloried, it keeps on undisturbed, with nothing to repudiate.

The present exhibition contains much that is noteworthy, very much that is interesting. William Wendt's two large canvases, "In the Shadow of the Oak" and "Littlelands", are interpretations of the Southern Californian landscape; the former shows glimmering lights and graceful trees, composed with the poetic touch that is Mr. Wendt at his best; the dry bed of a creek in the foreground is an unusual element, and has been utilized for some good effects. "Littlelands" has tawny hills that are wonderfully modelled, with a splendid sweep of blue mountains above, and the lower foreground some eucalyptus trees that lift above the spreading oaks around them in exquisite grace Mr. Wendt's sympathetic interpretation of the beauty of the nature in the midst of

which he lives has made him the dean of the artists of Southern California.

One of the most charming things displayed is Hanson Puthuff's "Verdugo Mountain." The artist has seen his subject in the rich subdued tints produced by the shadow of a gray cloud that hovers over the mountain. He has kept the mood consistently, producing a harmony of tone and line that is distinctly satisfying to the eye. The noble outline of the mountain, the cloud above, the soft tints of the valley, and off beyond the merest hint of sunny distances, are portrayed with a fine sense of values.

Maurice Braun answers present with three canvases. Two of them are landscapes in his usual charming style. "Foothills" is a poem of the rich blues and sparkling sunshine that the artist loves. "Eucalypti" has a foreground of rich tints, and splendid tall tree-trunks with lovely little tufts of green foliage. In the third, "La Jolla Rocks," he has ventured upon the sea. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true! He evidently was not born a sailor. It is passing strange that this artist, with all the enchantment he is capable of weaving, should have done just this. There is no Southern Californian artist who surpasses Mr. Braun in certain qualities of style; the blue-purple he uses in his shadows and distances is a really wonderful tone, potent in its suggestion of winey air and rich sunshine. Mr. Braun, by-the-way, was recently named one of the hundred best artists in America by the selection of one of his canvases for the Detroit Museum of Art.

William V. Cahill's "Morning Light" is perhaps the most striking canvas in the exhibition,—a figure piece of vivid coloring, with a technique as crisp and fresh as a dewdrop. Indeed, much of a dewdrop's light and sparkle irradiate it. A woman in a blue kimono with a Japanese parasol of dull pinkish tone stands amid the sunlit greens of a garden. The blue of the gown is the most wonderful translucent tint that ever got off a palette. About the lady herself, like most charming well-bred ladies recognized in the best society, there is not much to be said, it is only the ladies of inscrutable pasts and frightful colors that require a volume to elucidate them. Mr. Cahill's "Table d'Hôte," it will be recalled, won the Ackerman Prize in the recent Spring Exhibition of the Club.

John Hubbard Rich displays a nude, "Vanity," representing a woman stretched upon a couch with a mirror in her hand. Mr. Rich's drawing is always above reproach, but he puts a certain dullness into his flesh tones,—caught, perhaps, from the old masters, of whom he is an avowed and devoted follower. The pigments used by the masters have undoubtedly undergone certain changes by process of time and exposure to atmosphere, and while mellowness is exquisite, the same tones transformed to a fresh canvas become quite a different thing. "In the Studio" is also shown by Mr. Rich,—an interior of Tarbellian accuracy of drawing and smacking, also, of the Tarbellian manner of arrangement,—and a large portrait, "Ethel Rivers Hopkins and Son, Vance," in which white and pink draperies against a dark background produce an attractive effect. It is interesting to note that in many of Mr. Rich's pictures somewhere—no, not in France—in the background, is to be found a suggestion of an old master,—a bit of drapery, or a picture, or something of the sort, that shows dull, rich tones.

Three canvases bear the signature of Donna Schuster. "In the Garden," mentioned above, and "Romance" are fresh and charming; with their youth and their sunshine and their leaves turned to gold they are as joyous as the carol of a bird. Miss Schuster makes the sun strike through green foliage in a way that arouses a wish to develop wings and go flitting through it,—up into a blue sky where is never a cloud in a world where care is not in the vocabulary. But her third canvas—oh Johnny, oh Johnny! what malign spirit ever induced her to perpetrate "Sleep," a nude with shoulders hunching out of a hammock that send one running quick for a blanket to cover them up!

Meta Cressey exhibits "Bob and the Cat,"—a creation original both in theme and treatment. The composition, especially, is most unusual. The child's head is well modelled, and the little bare knees and hanging feet are marvels of life. But the drawing is often inaccurate, the cat is a little monstrosity that belongs in a dime museum, and the background is one of those frantic things for which Impressionism should suffer in torment hereafter.

"Young Danish Girl with Flowers" is one of the two pictures exhibited by Helena Dunlap,—a fresh and original bit of work that verges toward the decorative in its simplicity of line and treatment, with some good effects in lighting. The other, is "Betty," showing a young girl seated on a bench out of doors; it is facile in execution, but the effect is vilified by an unrelenting sold chunk of emerald green as a background.

"The Golden Hills" by Orrin White is charming in atmosphere; the bare, chrome slopes hold a hint of purple in their shadows, and there are some beautiful eucalyptus trees. Mr. White is happy in possessing great individuality of expression, and a certain poetic touch that makes interesting whatever he has to say.

Edouard Vysekals "Scotch Broom" is notable for its splendor of coloring and unique arrangement. In the field of still life it is by far the most striking thing displayed. The massed gold of the broom flowers glow above a cloth of clear, bright blue, against a background of orange. A touch of black in the containing bowl and in the suggested furnishings of the room heightens the color contrasts. It is a vivid and spontaneous bit of work.

"Chrysanthemums," by Franz Bischoff, are delightful,—great yellow blooms with petals that catch the light, against a background of dull colors in a barely suggested design. But "Roses on the Tea Table" by the same

(Continued on Page 31)

H. O. DAVIS—FILM REVOLUTIONARY

By WALTER VOGDES

ONCE upon a time in the land of Southern Cal., there gathered together many men of wealth and large diamonds and gorgeous wescots, for the purpose of making moving pictures, or fil-lums. And they said, "We will give the people what they want."

And they gave them curls and kisses and sugar and numerous close-ups of enlarged sweetness, and many massive productions. And the peepul fell.

And the men said, "We have given them what they want, let us continue the good work." So they gave them more curls, more sugar, more close-ups, and more massive productions. And every picture was the greatest, grandest and most gorgeous ever made. And every film-face was the sweetest. And the only degree known was the third, or superlative degree. And the movie stars waxed fat and called themselves "ah-teests", and dined as never before, and said, "This is the life!"

Then a change came about in the land, and the peepul revolted and thrust their tongues in their cheeks, and massaged their brows to greater heights, and picked Flaws in the massive productions and the sweetly pretty pictures. And they said, "Go to, this picture is distorted," and "Enough, that picture is wrong", and "Lay off, that other picture bores us stiff, for all its tawdry splendor." And when the returns came in, the men who made the pictures faced a Deficit. And they corrugated their brows and pondered, and said, "How now, this will never do."

So they conferred among themselves and said, "We must have stars and more stars, and even larger productions." And once again they strained every nerve to give the people sugar and grandeur. And once more there were Deficits. Then there came among them one Davis, who said, "This is all wrong, the story's the thing, give the peepul good stories and let the rest alone. And when the story is not pretty let it stay so, and do not distort life for the sake of a hug." But the men turned from him and said, "Where do you get that stuff?"

So Davis turned away, and went on his own lot, and made his own pictures according to his own plan. And the peepul liked them.

Moral—Give the peepul what they want, but be sure they want what you think they want.

I had no intention of stealing Mr. Ade's stuff when I started this fable. The thing grew before I knew it. At any rate it gives one some notion of H. O. Davis of the Triangle and his ideas about moving pictures.

Mr. Davis is Scotch, I believe. "Scottish" is the preferred adjective, they tell us, but somehow I like "Scotch". It suggests two things, whisky and thrift. The Scotch are "thrifty" and they're "canny", both fine, stout, homespun words, which, when mixed with "science", become "efficiency." Davis has it. Some people say he has too much of it. Before he entered the moving picture field he used to plan expositions, and little things like that. He planned the San Diego one.

Nowadays efficiency is not the revered thing it once was. The Germans have made it unpopular. But Mr. Davis' efficiency is, so far as I could discover in an hour's talk, a combination of caniness, common sense, and thrift. His is Scotch efficiency, humanized efficiency. He is a business man with a keen sense of story values.

He is of middle height, with somewhat reddish hair, a downright reddish mustache, a rather mild, easy manner, and a correspondingly easy flow of words. He suggests extreme pliability, but the suggestion, according to those who know, is wrong, all wrong. He has the Scotch gift of staying put and defending himself when he thinks he's right. During our talks he smiled most of the time, but occasionally his mouth tightened a bit as he described

difficulties he had encountered in moving picture work.

"Difficulties? I should say I did have them. (This is Mr. Davis talking.) There were difficulties with stars who had inflated notions of their own value, difficulties with producers, who wanted to make comedies without scripts, difficulties with owners, who wanted me to falsify stories so that they would fade out in a hug. Here's an instance. While I was with another company I arranged for a production of 'A Doll's House'. If you are familiar with the play you know that the ending is not a happy one—the woman walks out and leaves her husband. Naturally I had the picture made that way. When it was run off at a private view for the board of directors of the company they threw up their hands. 'You mustn't let it end that way,' they said. 'You can't let the woman stay away—you must bring her back for a reconciliation. The public won't stand for it.'

" 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'this is Ibsen. He ended his play in the way that you see it, and that's the way the picture should end.

"They didn't agree, and there the matter rested for several days. Then I said, 'I won't change the ending of this picture, but I will make one change.' So I had Ibsen's name written as if it were a signature—Henrik Ibsen. And when the picture ended I clapped that name on the screen in enormous letters. 'There,' I explained, 'that will put the blame where it belongs—on Henrik.' And the directors had to be satisfied.

Soon after that I went to see the picture at a local theatre. When the ending came, the people behind me were a bit taken back. Then that name hit them in the face—Henrik Ibsen. And their criticism stopped short.

"The star system has partly demoralized the making of good pictures. Of course we must have stars, but when they become more important than the story, when the action is clogged with close-ups of them, and when the story is twisted out of shape to meet their shortcomings, right then the star becomes worse than useless. People go to see a picture that has been distorted for the sake of a star, and when they come out of the theatre they say, 'Mary Jane isn't good this week. The picture is off.' If the stars were wise they would not permit themselves to be featured at the expense of their stories. There are some intelligent players who do object to it. It's bad psychology on the part of both producers and players.

"Recently I had some trouble with one of my own stars, a very pretty and clever girl. She had started to work in a picture when she found that she was to appear in only sixty out of its three hundred scenes. She came to my general manager, in tears, and said she

couldn't afford to work in the picture unless an additional one hundred scenes were written in for her. He told her that the story called for a character lead, a part played by an old man, and that the story could not be changed without spoiling it. She listened to him, then cried some more, and said she wouldn't work unless the changes were made.

"So he came to me. 'All right,' I said, 'We'll cut her off the pay-roll.' Then she went into hysterics. When she calmed down she announced that she would work in the picture, but that we'd be sorry when she was through, because she intended to 'mug' it—spoil it—for us. 'Tell her to go ahead,' I answered, 'and we'll put her name on the screen in letters six feet high so that the public can be sure who it is that is spoiling the picture.' Then there were more tears, and I told her to go home and think it over. She did, and came back the next day, all smiles. She said that she would work in the picture in the way that we had arranged. There was no more trouble."

Mr. Davis smiled gently as he recalled the incident.



H. O. DAVIS

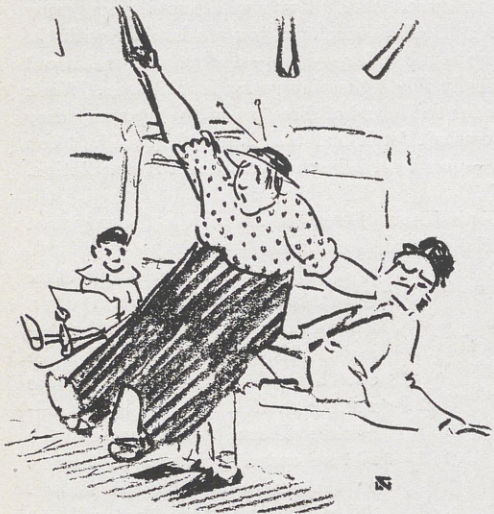
The efficiency genius who is placing the motion picture industry on a paying basis

(Continued on page 34)

FROM A BROADWAY WINDOW

By HAMILTON LITTLE

THE jitneys are off Broadway at last. But the street car company does not seem to be aware of that fact. At least, it is mostly a case of "standing



room only" in the fewer-than-ever trolleys that amble by. Did we do right in banishing the 'bus? Well, I dunno. It certainly improves the looks of the main stem to oust them, and it makes less congestion; it stands a deal more for safety of the general public, as the jitney jehu certainly had no regard for the rights or lives of pedestrians. But at the same time, those who rode in the crazy arks—I never did—say it was a preferable condition to standing up all your way home, even when a fat lady occupied most of your lap and both your feet. Possibly some of this talk about re-instating them may jolt the car company into giving better service; possibly. Anyhow, one of the easiest things in this world to do is to hope, and as the companies have always done the right thing by the city, we are sure they will this time.

ONE of our most celebrated citizens, Mr. Charlie Chaplin, having taken himself out Waukai-kai way, where the hay skirts flap and the ukuleles uke, we are left in partial eclipse. But we still have in our midst "little Mary" and "Doug" and Bill Hart, so I reckon we are yet on the map, even if Theda Bara has vamped hence. What would we do without our movie heros and heroines for limelight stuff?

TO saloon or not to saloon, that is the argument. Whether it be better to take your poison standing up, against the friendly mahogany, with one foot on the rail, or sneak up some alley and bootleg? Ay, there's the rub. I am rather inclined to think that the banishment of the open bar is a good thing, despite its friendly aspect of light and cheer; but isn't it going rather to extremes to say that a chap can have his tippie with his meals, provided only that he partake thereof before the unholy hour of nine o'clock? Is a cocktail or a glass of wine more criminal at 9:01 P. M. than at the even hour? Is the snow-capped stein any worse at midnight than at dinner hour? And how much or what is a meal wherewith we must guard the drink in our innards? I rise to explanation myself; that's all. As for me, I'm neutral. I'm only so far on the beer wagon that I catch the foam, and I'm only so far off the water wagon that I like the sprinkle of the wine when it is red. Otherwise, it makes nothing in my young life. But why cannot we settle it peacefully, and not have another election? Elections are so uncertain, as Charley Hughes would say, pointing an accusing finger at fair California.

ALL OF which reminds me that at the city hall, the new council, hardly in good working order, has abandoned its chambers, the while the aforesaid quarters are doing over in lily white purity of enamel and marble. Is it the new members—who have so far given a fine account of themselves—desire the atmosphere of purity that they exude, to be in visual evidence, or is this merely another case of camouflage for possible dark deeds to come?

THEY are now going to make of Broadway a primrose path; a great white way; a dazzling road of nightly splendor. Most of the big department stores having hit the trail to West Seventh, the property owners locking their stable after



the equines have vamoused, are to try by allurements to hold what they have left, and seek newcomers, by binding them with a scintillant glare of glory. Well, maybe they can save the old street; here's hoping, for from my window, it still looks like the real artery of the town. But why didn't they begin all this five years ago, when it was still timely? Robinson's break was warning enough, it would seem. However, that's all done for; but if Broadway shines afar o' nights, why not do likewise with the



new Seventh street region? A friendly rivalry would help a lot in making downtown Los Angeles perk up a bit.

BILLY SUNDAY having ceased to call the devil out of his own name and to abuse everyone who doesn't want to go to his own heaven in his own (Billy's) way, the excitement seems to be lessening up at the big shack, and while the trail hitters are listed nightly, and Rode's voice booms as of yore, the newspapers are not nearly so extensive in their space donations. Billy seems to have a regular routine of stirring 'em up by licking Satan around the post and telling the Diety how to run the universe, in slang and metaphor; then he drops back into the good old shouting revival style, and the meetings resolve themselves into the regulation proceedings. However, as he announced early in the game that he had the devil beaten to a standstill, it is possibly just as sane in him to save his voice.

WHOSE gown are you wearing?" may be an expected question in society if this Red Cross market idea prevails for very long, for they do say a number of very smart ones, given by social lights, have been picked up cheaply by some other social lights, and with slight revamping will do duty on other backs at other functions this season. It's a good idea; which reminds me—why wouldn't it be wise for each social luminary to buy just one gown at the opening of the season, and after wearing it once, pass it on to Mrs. No. Two, who would pass hers on to Mrs. No. Three, and so on, till the entire circle had a change of raiment for the second function. Then another move 'round the circle, and "ladies change" for the third function, and so on, ad lib., till the season was over. Then everyone would have had a different frock for every occasion; everyone would have worn out a frock in the season, and there would be no heartbreaking rivalries, no pungent remarks, no slurs, and no waste of good coin of the realm. Of course, it would be necessary for all the fat women to be in one list, all the thin ones in another, and so on; but that could easily be arranged. That, too, would obviate that query as to whose gown one might be wearing, hinted at above, which is certain to be embarrassing this winter, I'm afraid. Anyhow, I pass this recipe for social bliss on to the Red Cross, with my best compliments. Go to it, ladies, go to it!



PLAYS AND PLAYERS

GEORGE M. COHAN once wrote and sang (through his nose, of course) a little song called "P. T. Barnum Had the Right Idea." Now we all know what Mr. Barnum's idea was, and we know that he wasn't the only American who had it. This idea is the basic one of "It Pays to Advertise," which opened Sunday afternoon at the Morosco Theater.

The characters spend most of their time in either trying to cheat the public or trying to cheat one another. All except the butler and the maid, whose business ethics seem impeccable. When the elderly soap manufacturer finds that his son has managed to fool the public into paying a dollar a cake for pink castile soap in an old rose wrapper, which is worth three cents a cake, does he rise and, in a voice quivering with honest indignation, say, "My son, that is not right; you must not be identified with such a project?" Not at the tall. He jumps up and roars out a demand to be let in on the profits. And we people in the audience sit back and laugh our appreciation. For undeniably the situation is funny. That is, it's funny unless you stop to think about it. Then it seems rather sordid. But one isn't supposed to stop to think at farces, is one? It isn't done.

Of course farce, especially a farce like this one, presupposes a certain artificiality of presentation on the part of the author. Certain values are heightened, certain phases of life are exaggerated, and the play is unfolded to us rapidly in order to get the farcical effect. As I sat watching "It Pays to Advertise" I tried to explain to myself why it has been, and is, so great a success, for it seemed only ordinarily amusing to me. Its drawing capacity seems all out of proportion to its merit. I think the explanation of its success may be found in the precepts laid down by its authors, and in the fact that they obeyed these precepts themselves. They have taken a subject—advertising—that is always "in the air." And they have advertised their play with very clever humorous posters.

Through one of the characters, a theatrical publicity man, they expound their theory. His lines are incisive, pungent, shrewd. When the soap manufacturer's son suggests going into business on a small scale, the publicity man shakes his head. "Splurge, son, splurge," he says. "If you can't do that you'd better let it lie dormant." This idea is dear to us all.

To my notion there was just about sufficient material there for two corking acts. But two act plays aren't written, so the authors had to run their material into three acts. By that time one gets a bit tired of hearing the same little theory expounded from different angles, and the fact that the National Biscuit Co., values its trade-mark—Uneda—at \$10,000,000 (or whatever the figure is) and that other companies value their trademarks at correspondingly high figures, is beginning to pall a little. One leaves the theater with a jumble of phrases like these ringing in one's ears: "What sort of garters do you wear?" "Why do you use a Gillette razor?" "The power of suggestion." "Never put off till tomorrow what you can sign today." "One born every minute." "Fifty thousand, please." Gold Dust Twins. You can get the same effect by rapidly flipping through the pages of THE GRAPHIC, or some other high class magazine.

As the Morosco players had very little time for rehearsal the farce did not get over at quite the right speed on Sunday afternoon. Betty Brice played the part of Mary Grayson, a rather mercenary young heroine. She was equal to its demands, which were rather slight. Harland Tucker was the soap manufacturer's idle son, who suddenly goes into business and endeavors to buck his father, the head of the soap trust. Mr. Tucker played this role rather too slowly, at times, but greater familiarity with his lines, will probably remedy that defect. Richard Dix has the big part, that of the publicity man, and he portrayed it with just the right ebullient spirit. Joseph Eggenton played

the elderly soap manufacturer, and Douglas Maclean handled a bit quite skillfully. The French of Audell Higgins and Nancy Fair was given to us so rapidly (perhaps fortunately) that close inspection was impossible. W. V.

ROY Atwell and Max Marcin, the authors of the famous "Cheating Cheaters", evolved and made possible "Here Comes the Bride", last week's attraction at the Mason. I did not see "Cheating Cheaters", but judging by Mr. Marcin's play, "The House of Glass", he is a good soul and likes to do the spiffy thing by a trusting audience. That he and Mr. Atwell have almost (but not quite) turned the trick in "Here Comes the Bride" is evident.

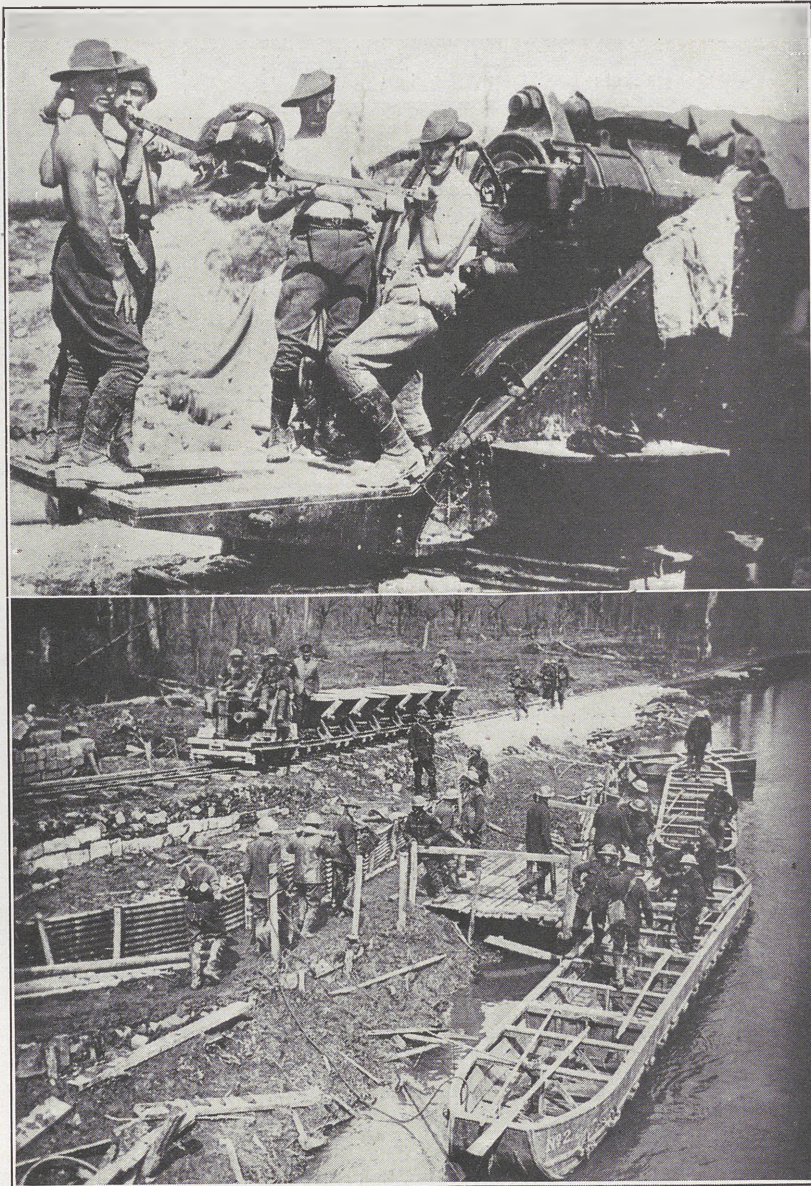
This farce has a number of funny situations, but its machinery is too complicated. The scene in the first act, in which the young lawyer allows himself to be drawn into a curious situation where he is married to a mysterious, veiled woman by a stuttering judge has comic possibilities which are fully realized by both authors and players. And the succeeding episodes have speed and surprise, and are carried deftly by dialogue that is light and humorous. But often there lurks that feeling of over-complication in the background. In the last act the authors endeavor to clear up the situation by explanations that are lumped together. But the task is too much for them. Hard work devoted to simplifying and improving the mechanism of this farce would no doubt result in a smoother entertainment.

J. Anthony Smythe was more happily cast than during his first week at the Mason in "Under Pressure." I didn't like the suit he wore, but I realized that that was a personal matter, and that I mustn't let it influence my critical judgment. (Voice: Your what?) Bertha Mann did her best with the part of the young heroine, but her metier apparently lies outside the realm of farce. Thomas Maclarnie had the part of the elderly, irascible, pig-headed father and he gave it the proper values as to age, irascibility, and pig-headedness. Harry Schumm was very funny as the stuttering judge, but to Susanne Morgan go the chief honors of the performance. As the Bride, cruelly referred to by one of the characters as "the Century plant", she dominated the scenes in which she appeared. Beatrice Nichols, George L. Spaulding, A. Burt Wesner and James R. Liddy were also among those present. W. V.

NEVINSON, the brilliant young English painter, has given us this war in his curious pictures as something vast, cruel, impersonal and machine-like. His men are not so much men as automatons. Wells has told us the same thing. Now comes the moving pictures taken by the British government to bear

out these assertions. The principal impression one gets from seeing the two episodes that have been shown at the Orpheum during the past two weeks is of immensity, monotony, and mud. There is precious little glamour shown. But the pictures are interesting because we were so curious about the life "out there" and because they show it to us in such detail. We see vast, barren stretches of land, we see ugly holes, we see mud-covered men look out of trenches, men who still hold something of jauntiness in the angle of their cigarettes and helmets; we see large unwieldy tanks crawling over ditches, like prehistoric animals. We see artillery of all sorts; rapid fire guns, short nosed guns with bull dogs' mouths, long throated, graceful looking guns. We see New Zealanders, long, lean men, stripped to the waist, working their battery. They load, spring away at the word "fire!" and return to load again. We see cavalry marching, and here is something of glamour. For the cavalymen and their horses are dapper and well groomed. And once or twice we see a charge. Little gray, impersonal figures of men appear on the barren landscape from the protection of trenches and move forward slowly. It is not what you would expect a charge to be.

(Continued on page 33)



WAR PICTURES AT THE ORPHEUM

Showing retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras

NEW MODES DESC

IF IT isn't fur it's velvet; and if it isn't velvet, it's plush, or velours, of some denomination; or else some of the duvets, devetynes, jeres, or other smooth surfaced wool cloths which compel a second look to distinguish from the velvet family.

Then, also, if it is not serge, it is certain to be tricotine; or if not tricotine, it may be gabardine; or possibly it may come under the geneology of de laines.

The same widely varied logic holds true in regard to crepes. It is most likely to be Georgette crepe, but it may be crepe de Chine, or meteor, or even

Lavin crepe. The day when crepe meant mourning, is of the forgotten ages.

In the satin world, it is nearly as uncertain; for there is satin Georgette—so ubiquitous that Georgette lady is!—and satin duchesse, satin de luxe and all the other satins.

We long ago accepted great variety in silks, and if some have sighed vainly to recall those skimpish days of Grandmother's best black silk dress, hanging in the closet except for Sunday use, there are others who delight in the bewildering variety of weaves in silk.

The same is true of modes. "What is the style in skirts?" "How long will jackets be?" "What is the season's silhouette?" But a few seasons since, these questions were logical; but now—there is no *the* in anything, so various are styles. Each Parisian maker, and each one in New York, is unto herself a law. And every woman may select that which best suits her taste, or that which tends to bring out her best personal points.

It is Doeillet for the straight and narrow way of skirts; Lavin for the ankle length; Premet for shoulder buttoning; Poirot for the coat-like dress; Worth for unique girdling, and so on down the line from great to near-great clothes makers, who all wield an influence in ever widening circles throughout woman's world of dress.

That those spreading ripples are not slow to reach Los Angeles every woman knows who keeps an eye upon the advancing tide of Fashion as shown in our many, lovely stores. In fact our city has gained the reputation of wanting what she wants, long before others want it; and New York importers have been obliged to concede to Los Angeles buyers an advance peep at the season's modes and have yielded to the demand for spring garments and millinery, long before it can be used in the East, and because we have tired of our summer styles and declare for an early change, autumn attire comes to us at least a month sooner than to the East. Thus, we have chosen many of our Fall habiliments, before Easterners have even had a look at theirs. Gradually, but unmistakably, the California climate, potent element that it is, has brought about this revolution; and it may be that ere long, we shall set the modes—at least in sports and outing clothes—for that far, aristocratic East!

We already lead in elegance of retail dry goods stores. One of the most popular frocks for street wear, the tailleur of tricotine, in crow blue combined with black Georgette satin, was sketched at Blackstone's by our artist. The saucy little dress has every modish feature, from the snowy satin collar to the knee long tunic, with its many, many buttons, which do exactly as they please about recognizing button-holes, having but one rule: That four buttons at the top must fasten. The same rigid rule is put into effect at the back of this precise tunic, which wouldn't for the world be scant as the skirt below it. The use of the tricotine on the satin, forming pocket-laps, and cuffs, is novel. Novel, too, is the way in which the white satin tucker fastens across the breast with a single round pearl button. The hat which was counted out for this jaunty, girlish dress—"eney, meney, miney, mo"—is a dashing one, of Napoleonic semblance, with its crow blue velvet crowns, separated, back and front as if belonging to different regiments, and each bound with satin ribbon. The only trimming is a disc of fur, swirled round with stripped quills in beige.

For Misses and small women: This section at Bullock's store is singularly alluring and it was there we found the fascinating garment, like a military



Flounces stand for feminine; but when one becomes a cape, you try to spell it Amazon. Panne velvet does away with masculine proclivities, and soft brown minorette makes this distracting coat girlishly seductive. The panne velvet hat is ostrich banded in a novel way and absent-mindedly banded once again with burnt goose flues—such extravagance! Detected in Bullock's misses section.

cloak masquerading in velvet panne. That delicious shade of brown which looks like a leaf when winter has overtaken it, are its softly shimmering folds; and the tripple flounces, the top one impressed into the service as a collar, gives a strangely feminine air to an otherwise rather masculine appearing garment. The feminine is proclaimed



She who would shine as dim secure first aid in this adorably black and Lavin blue crepe, bea brocaded. Every coquettish o to femininity is possessed by it. to Harris & Frank's.



The dark blue of a crow's wing is the tricotine which combines itself with black satin georgette in this chic little one-piece dress at Blackstone's. The way its buttons have of ignoring buttonholes, save just four at the top of the panel tunic, is one of its fascinations. The Napoleonic hat deploys its double brims, as the great French general divided up his crowns among his kindred. The odd quill-swirled disc is all this hat chose for trimming.

CRIED—By Violette Ray



"After all," you'll hear them whisper as they pass this on the street, "there's nothing like a tailored suit!" Up to her ears in tailoring, the girl will be who buys this suit—the chic Desmond sort. The trig, Dunlap sailor hat is every bit as smart, with its narrow band of gros grain ribbon, bowed squarely at one side.

by the floating girdle with its heavily tasseled ends, and femininity nestles in the fluffy minorette which collars and bands it. The dressy hat of panne is encircled by a band of ostrich, the flues caught smoothly down, and all the flare left for the burnt goose fronds which spread along the broad brim.

This cloak's little brother, might have been that one sketched at Mullen & Bluett's, for its velvetness is brown; but in that warm glowing shade which is just the proper thing for dressy little boy's suits. The pockets with lapels, buttoned safely down with velvet covered buttons, the rather narrow belt, which also buttons, and the rounding Pique collar, white, above a velvet one—all are delightfully little-boyish. The little round crowned hat, of velvet in a matching shade of brown, piped with lighter velvet is as lovably demure as the little suit is.

Tailored to a finish will be the girl who dons the suit found at Desmond's. Made of serg-jerz, with the glint of silvertone, this singularly smart suit, worn with a white linen shirt and a high white stock, is a fitting consort for the Dunlap sailor, of black, shining hatter's plush, with its austere band of narrow gros grain ribbon.

The final syllable in elegance is pronounced by a suit at Robinson's. Of black corte de soie, a rich material having the effect of narrow waled cut velvet, the skirt of the coat falls well below the knee and is broadly banded in black Russian bear. Russian bear form, the surplice collar and the cuffs of the long, tight sleeves. The girdle is of corte de soie, and metallic ornaments of original design hold it in its place at a normal waist line. The coat is lined throughout with silk in black and white latticed with gay flowers. The skirt is rather scant and plain as skirts are bound to be this season. The hat worn with it has a broadly sweeping brim of panne velvet, and a tall prelate's crown formed from pailletted material, the glittering paillettes in several shapes and shades forming an interesting pattern. The only trimming is a set of pompons formed from bear fur, relating the hat to the suit.

Beauty and distinction characterize the little dinner dress shown by Harris & Frank. Of crepe meteor in black, the sleeves and tunic panelling are of Lanvin blue georgette, and the lower skirt is finished all around with scallops, each edged in chenille cord and beads in Lanvin blue. This same adorable coloring—a shade of blue between hydrangea and saxe—appears in bead brocading upon both the black satin meteor and the blue Georgette. The girdle which falls half way down the skirt, comes to an understanding with two portly tassels of blue chenille and beads. That the one who is so fortunate as to acquire this lovely dress will shine brilliantly as dinner guest requires no Sybil to predict.

With all her austerities, and all the talk regarding simple modes and dark materials, Fashion must have her fling, and so occasionally she takes a bout at the unexpected. There was the set seen recently in an arcade window out on Seventh street—a close fitting turban and a novel jumper, made from suede cloth in the new banana color, a soft yellow shade. You looked and looked again to decipher the strange trimming on that fetching little set. It was formed from cable worsted in those tones which look like pheasant's feathers. The yarn was couched upon the skeleton jacket and wound into oval ornaments, and upon the hat was formed into a close band, marching 'round and 'round the crown which was also round, and high.

Another way Fashion has of relenting in her rigid rule of plainness, is in beaded bags. Some shown at Bullock's are so marvelously rich and in coloring so beautiful that you vow if you owned one, you'd frame it. No frame is visible, by the by, for it is the latest word in bags of beading to have no frame in sight—the beads hiding all.

As an excuse for the sudden dashes

that she makes into worlds of gorgeous color, Fashion will explain that she has been hypnotized by the Chinese feeling. This is her excuse for the glorious motifs set upon the girdles, or used to form the collars, or as bands upon the long straight sides of the loose blouses, also borrowed from the far East. Oh, Fashion always finds a way of making her most extravagant of whims seem reasonable, and what though that way itself be far away from logical? Who cares, so it is hers?



It's a bear! At least the fur banding is and the surpliced collar, too. The high crown of the stunning hat took a prelate's vows, but turned aside to trifle with glittering paillettes which finally overmastered it. Pompons of bear fur are its exclusive trimming. Captured at Robinson's.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

INTEREST in the welfare and whereabouts of boys in France has become tinged with anxiety, since so many are soon to be engaged in active trench warfare. Word drifts back every few days from those Los Angeles boys who were among the first to volunteer, and in several instances news has arrived stripped of details, telling of experiences there, and of a safe return to American shores again. A telegram was received recently by Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Macleish, of Los Angeles, from their son, Dr. Archibald C. Macleish, announcing his return from France. Dr. Macleish, a member of the Naval Reserve, was one of the first to volunteer for active service, and one of the first to be sent north from Los Angeles, and later to the Atlantic Coast. Mrs. Macleish, who was Miss Frances Edwards, remained in Los Angeles, temporarily, at the home of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Edwards; but she left a number of weeks

riding" that any one would covet, yet this is what "Grubby" Clover is doing for his country at present. Lieutenant Phillip Sterry, son of Mrs. Clinton N. Sterry of Los Angeles, is also working his way eastward by relays. After strenuous training in the north, Lieutenant Sterry was sent not long ago to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, this being his second lap on the way to France. American Lake now numbers quite a large quota of Southern Californians. James Friesner, son of Mrs. Addie Friesner, of Los Angeles, is among the more recent to leave for that camp. His young bride, who formerly was Miss Dorothy Morphy, is for the present staying in Santa Monica, the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Morphy. Robert Flint of Pasadena, who recently achieved the title of ensign, and Donald McGilvray, both prominent Los Angelans, who started at the bottom as volunteers, have been ordered to San Francisco, whence they will sail for Seattle.

participation in the war seemed improbable.

Somewhat novel are the plans of the two charming daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Dario Orena, of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, for their weddings. Instead of having a double marriage ceremony, these two sisters will be married, one the day after the other. Miss Herminia Orena, has chosen Monday October 29, as the date for her wedding when she will become the bride of Mr. Eugene L. Bobb, formerly of Kentucky, but now residing in Los Angeles. The ceremony will take place at the Cathedral Chapel in Green street. The following day, within the same little chapel at the same hour, Miss Beatrice Orena will be married to Dr. James A. Guilfoil, formerly of New York, but now making his home in San Luis Obispo. Particular interest is attached to these two weddings, since the two attractive brides-elect are of one of California's most distinguished Spanish families, prominent



G. Edwin Williams

MRS. HENRY HANNA ZIESING

And her small son, Henry, Jr., who have come from Philadelphia for a visit with Mrs. Ziesing's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton, of Los Angeles. As Miss Marybelle Peyton, Mrs. Ziesing was one of Southern California's most attractive debutantes

ago for the east in order to be with Dr. Macleish as much as possible. One other young Los Angelen who has had a taste of adventure on the other side is Lieutenant Nelson Taylor who left Los Angeles as a member of General Woodbine's staff, with which Dr. Macleish was also associated. Lieutenant Taylor, who is now on duty somewhere in the south on the Atlantic coast, was with one of the first American contingents to leave for France, sharing in all the adventures of the submarine attack, reported to have been made against the troop ships. Greayer Clover, better known to his host of friends here as "Grubby" Clover, abandoned his tennis racket and his Yale studies at the first call for volunteers, sailing with the Yale unit to join the ambulance corps in France. He later undertook the more hazardous service of driving one of the big ammunition trucks. Motoring across deep cannon-ploughed roads, within the danger zone, and with a cargo of dangerous explosives, is not a form of "joy-

Mrs. Flint accompanied her husband to the north, and it is probable that she will go eastward to New York later in the season, in company with Mrs. Nathaniel Wilshire. Then, there is young Cosmo Morgan, Jr., son of the Cosmo Morgans of Los Angeles. He has already left for France. George Hugh Banning, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, of Los Angeles, is in training at the Presidio, where Mrs. Banning visits him as often as possible. Both Mr. and Mrs. Banning are devotedly proud of their two sons, both of whom are eagerly awaiting the opportunity to give their services in actual warfare. Fred Reynolds, another Los Angelen, the son of Mrs. Sue B. Reynolds, and one of the young nephews of whom Governor Stevens is justly proud, has won his lieutenantcy, and is now stationed at the Presidio. Lieutenant Reynolds, had his officer's training at the Presidio, as did James Page and any number of other Southern Californians two years ago, when the United States' actual

in making the history of the west. Another daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dario Orena is Mrs. Wilson Dibblee, who lives in Santa Barbara where the Orenas have been this summer on their own rancho. At present Mr. and Mrs. Orena and their family are occupying the home at 1145 Lake street. Another romance which has just recently culminated in a wedding of wide interest, and which in a way, concerns the same family, was that of Mrs. Sallie Taylor Alexander, of Santa Barbara, and Mr. Edgar Stow. Mrs. Stow, the bride, is a member of the well known De la Guerre family, of Santa Barbara, and is a cousin of the Misses Ynez and Delphine Dibblee, the daughters of Mrs. Thomas B. Dibblee. She is also a cousin of Mrs. James Goodwin and of Mrs. James Robinson. Mr. Edgar Stow is the youngest son of Mrs. Sherman Stow, one of the foremost leaders of the social life at Santa Barbara and Montecito. Mr. Stow is a brother of Mrs. Stow Fithian, of Mrs. Loren Van Horn, and Mrs. Edgar Bright Bruce.

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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

IT IS late in the season for Los Angelans to be returning from trips and summer outings, yet such is the case. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Niven are again occupying their home in Hobart Boulevard after having passed several months at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., returned recently from New York, where they have been visiting since leaving their summer place in Montana. Almost immediately following their arrival home, however, they left for San Francisco to be away ten days or so. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan is another who has returned from the east. Mrs. Morgan went to Washington and New York to visit with her son, Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., before he left for France. Young Cosmo Morgan bore the golden kit case from San Francisco to General Pershing. Mrs. William Brill and son, Billy Brill, accompanied by Mrs. Brill's mother, Mrs. W. J. Hunsaker, have returned to their Los Angeles home after a month's outing at Catalina Island. And Mr. and Mrs. Loren D. Sale are also among the belated travelers to return home. They have been visiting during the last six weeks in Wisconsin, the guests of Mrs. Sale's mother, Mrs. R. S. Wilson, who has just celebrated her eightieth birthday. The girl baby adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Sale completely won the heart of her grandmother, and her christening was one of the events of their eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woolwine, with their son and daughter, Mr. James Woolwine, Jr., and Miss Helen Woolwine, who passed the summer at Lake Tahoe and Alamo Bay, are home for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Deardorff and their daughter, Miss Virginia Deardorff, who also passed the summer in Wisconsin, are domiciled for the winter at the Hershey Arms. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymond have returned from Santa Monica to their home in Pasadena. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cheney, who passed much of the summer at Del Mar, have returned to their home in Berkeley Square. They were accompanied home from Del Monte by their daughter, Miss Katherine Cheney. Mrs. C. C. Cottle and her daughter, Miss Katherine Cottle, who went to Tacoma the first of September to attend the wedding there of Mr. William Wallace Cottle and Miss Dewey Campbell, which took place September 8, are home again. Of winter visitors Los Angeles just now is entertaining many who hail from Atlantic coast cities. Among these are Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fiske, of Petersham, Mass., who are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark of Hotel Darby. Mr. and Mrs. Fiske have made many friends in Los Angeles on previous trips here, and many social courtesies will be extended them. Mr. Fiske has the distinction of being the son of John Fiske, one of the world's greatest historians. Another visitor within our gates is Mrs. Alfred Lee Brunn, of New York City, who is the house guest of Mrs. George A. Howard, of South Kingsley Drive. Mrs. William J. Chichester is enjoying a visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Chichester, of Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Craig have as their guests for the winter, Miss Marian Craig and Miss Eleanor Craig, daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond Francisco entertained recently at their attractive Los Angeles home with a delightfully informal studio party, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maier, who are at home in Los Angeles following their eastern honeymoon. Games were the diversion for the evening which was followed by a Dutch supper, the decorations being suggestive of Halloween. Besides the guests of honor, other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Barham, Mr. and Mrs. Segundo Guasti, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gottschalk, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bayers, Mr. and Mrs. Felix McGinnis,

Spring to Honolulu is the little six months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey. Mrs. Kelsey as Miss Vera Spring was one of the popular members of the social set in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cadwalader are also at home again after a visit in San Francisco, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Silsby Spalding, of Menlo Park. Mrs. Cadwalader was the charming Miss Katherine Spring before her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Cottle, whose marriage in Tacoma, September 8, was an event of interest to many in Los Angeles, have returned from their wedding trip and will be domiciled at Montebello, in the Whittier Boulevard. Their honeymoon trip extended to the Atlantic coast, visits being made in Iowa, St. Louis, New York and other places of special interest. Mrs. Cottle, who is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Fremont Campbell, of Tacoma, was Miss Dewey Campbell. Mr. Cottle is the son of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Cottle, of Los Angeles. The wedding of the young couple was attended by Dr. and Mrs. Cottle and Miss Katherine Cottle, sister of the young bridegroom, whose engagement to Mr. William R. Gibbon was announced at the same time as that of her brother.

Mrs. Wells Morris has gone down to Terminal Island where she will be domiciled temporarily to be near the Naval Reserve station where Mr. Morris has just received his commission. Mrs. Morris was formerly Miss Anita Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are prolonging their stay at Hermosa Beach for a while longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart O'Melveny have returned from a delightful camping trip of several weeks, which took them up into the high Sierras. Mr. and Mrs. Donald O'Melveny are just now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Miller, of Pasadena. They are expecting, however to go into their own home in Garfield Avenue about November 1. Mrs. Donald O'Melveny was formerly Miss Phila Miller.

Mrs. Emmeline Childs, who has been visiting for several weeks in San Francisco and Santa Barbara, has returned to her home in Los Angeles. Mrs. Childs was joined in Santa Barbara by her daughter, Mrs. Frank H. Hicks, and while there celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Miller, who recently returned to their home in Pasadena after a delightful sojourn in San Francisco, where they were the guests of Mr.

and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, were the recipients of many smart affairs while in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, of Pasadena, left a week ago for the east, to be away for several months.

Mrs. Juana Neal Levy, who is making her home at Hotel del Coronado, motored up to Los Angeles recently for a few days' visit with relatives and friends. While in Los Angeles Mrs. Levy was the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Telfair Creighton.

Mrs. Harry Purdon and her daughter, Miss Madeleine Purdon, of Los Angeles, arrived Friday afternoon for an extended sojourn, and Mrs. T. F. Stevenson and her daughter, Miss Stevenson, also arrived Friday afternoon and will remain for some time.



G. Edwin Williams

MRS. WILLIAM BISHOP TOMKINS

Daughter of Mrs. La Motte Holmes, of South Manhattan Place, Los Angeles

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carlisle, Mrs. W. J. Bittengen, and Mr. Louis Vetter.

Mrs. Donald McDonald entertained at dinner recently at her home on Wilshire Boulevard, in honor of Capt. Walter Shaw, who has been much entertained in Los Angeles.


Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Spring, who have been passing the summer at Hermosa Beach, are again domiciled in their home in Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills. Mrs. Spring is planning to entertain with a series of bridge luncheons—the first to be given next week. After the holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Spring expect to sail for Honolulu to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kelsey, and one of the greatest attractions luring Mr. and Mrs.

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SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

AND BOOKS, those miraculous memories of high thoughts and golden moods, those silver shells, tremulous with the wonderful secrets of the ocean of life; those love-letters that pass from hand to hand of a thousand lovers that never meet; those honey combs of dreams; those orchards of knowledge; those still beating hearts of the noble dead; those mysterious signals that beacon along the darksome pathways of the past; voices through which the myriad lisps of the earth find perfect speech; oracles through which its mysterious call like voices in moonlight woods; prisms of beauty; urns stored with all the sweets all the summers of time; immortal nightingales that sing forever to the rose of life.

UNLIKE "Young Lochinvar who came out of the West" Zane Grey; (he of romance and round-up fame) came to it, and coming, became a real part of the Western spirit and atmosphere. Adventure, in all its charm and glamour, live and breathe through the pages of his fascinating stories. Mr. Grey has attained to the distinction of becoming popular without being sensational, which is proven by the fact that he is the idol of the austere grey beard, as well as the golden haired ingenue. The genuine ring of realism which stamps his characters, and permeates his novelistic world is directly traceable the fact that he belongs by heridity, as well as natural inclination, to the world of "God's Outdoors," as he is descended from a long line of ancestors who settled in the Ohio Valley in 1867, and made history in various and sundry ways. One of his ancestors was Colonel Ebenezer Zane, who held Fort Henry against the Indians for twenty years; another was Jonathan Zane known in Revolutionary times as Lord Dunmore's Indian scout, who blazed the trail from Wheeling to Kentucky called Zane's Trace, which afterwards became a national road; while still another was the famous Betty Zane who saved Fort Henry by running the gauntlet of fire, with her apron full of ammunition.

Mr. Grey has himself experienced varieties of adventurous life, having on one occasion taken a wild trip down a river in the jungle of Terra Caliente, Mexico, where he shot wild deer, wild bear, and alligators and saw seeming myriads of wonderful and unusual wild fowl. Another interesting venture was a sea trip, with a party of Indian fishermen to a dangerous coral reef off the coast of Yucatan to fish for the giant cherno and picudo, "but" said Mr. Grey, with his whimsical smile, "I think my heart is in this wonderful Desert country with its irresistible lure, and I should be unhappy, could I not spend some time each year in California and Arizona." Catalina Island was the scene of his retreat for two months during this past summer, and he discovered while there, new wonders in remote places, which he is quite sure are unknown even to the "oldest inhabitant". Of these we shall probably learn from his next book, from Harper & Brothers in the near future.

THE POET of the factory hand and of the slums, whose writings have appeared from time to time under the titles DAILY BREAD, WOMANKIND, FIRES, BORDERLANDS AND THOROUGHFARES, BATTLE and LIVELIHOOD, now offers the public in a portly volume such of his poems as he would least willingly see forgotten. These COLLECTED POEMS begin with an early composition of Mr. Gibson's AKRA THE SLAVE, which is described on the cover as a play of some thirty pages, new to most of his admirers in this country. This is evidently an error, for AKRA is a monologue in free verse extending to twenty-seven pages. Its successor STONEFOLDS is a series of rustic dramas, with four DRAMATIS PERSONAE, Nicholas Thirlwall and his wife, their daughter, Ruth, and a young shepherd, Ralph Moore in the first playlet. There are others of

the same type, THE WINTER DAWN, THE BRIDAL, ON THE THRESHOLD, THE FERRY. While an artist in verse forms, Mr. Gibson allows himself latitude in the use and neglect of rhyme, being fond of stories in verse having very simple motives. Here is an apostrophe to the ghost of a dead washerwoman, couched in classical dactyls and spondees:

"Mrs. Murphy, timidest of spectres,
You who were the cheeriest of charers,
With the heart of innocence and only
Torn between a zest for priests and porters,
Mrs. Murphy of the ample bosom,—
Suckler of a score or so of children,
(‘Children? Bless you! Why, I’ve buried six, Sir.’)
Who in forty years wore out three husbands
And one everlasting, shameless bonnet

Which I’ve little doubt was coiffed
with you—

Mrs. Murphy, wherefore do you wander
Sweeling ghostly grease of quaking
candles,

Up and down the stairs you scrubbed
so sorely,

Scrubbed till they were naked, dank,
and aching?"

Those who do not disdain to
interest themselves with the simple
annals of the poor will find in this
volume quite a treasure.

COLLECTED POEMS, 1904—1917. By
Wilfred Wilson Gibson. The Mac-
millan Company. J. M. D.



ZANE GREY

Who recently "re-discovered" Catalina Island

AS it happens, the second volume of Sherwin Cody's "Evenings With Great Authors", dealing with Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, has already received notice in these columns. This first volume, which devotes itself more particularly to Shakespeare and Lincoln, has a preliminary essay in eleven chapters advising readers HOW AND WHAT TO READ. This is followed by a handy list of recommended books and authors. The limitations of the author are evident by the very combination of Shakespeare and Lincoln, each as a typical "great author", which the great Emancipator, although he has left a few gems of English, certainly was not. In his three paragraphs devoted to Tennyson, the author fails even to mention "In Memoriam", distinctly the Laureate's noblest piece of work, imprinting on the stanza he employed his own personality. The three poems of Mathew Arnold which Mr. Cody mentions with approval do not include any of his fine elegies, and yet Arnold is perhaps the finest of our elegiac poets, and even the stanza of "The Scholar Gypsy" and of "Thyrsis" is a contribution of

a final kind to poetry. With qualifications of this kind, the volume may be commended to the lay reader. (Evenings With "Great Authors," Vol. I, Shakespeare; Lincoln. By Sherwin Cody. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

BRIAN Banaker's Auto Biography" set down by W. B. Trites, is a very remarkable book indeed. The author has caught the vapid life of the leisure class, and has depicted it with startling insight and truthfulness. All of the unsatisfied yearnings of the fullness of life (that falls to the lot of the average lonely wastrel unfortunate enough to possess a mind) is faithfully portrayed. Herein lies the strength of the book. The society folk that are the envy of those that live outside the magic circle are shown here in all their cheap sordidness; and the speakable rottenness of great wealth is well brought out. All the vulgarity of fashion is mercilessly depicted. The mummery of the ultra-respectable Harvard undergraduate stands forth in all its snobbishness. Newport is bared to all of its tawdry grandeur and prostitution. The social evil of worldly marriage seems, if anything, worse than the social evil of the city's

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Comparative Statement

October 1, 1891		October 1, 1917	
Capital	\$100,000	Capital	\$ 1,500,000
Surplus	928	Surplus	750,000
Deposits	82,840	Deposits	23,200,000
Depositors, 664		Depositors, 59,000	

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By. W. FRANCIS GATES

AND now comes a ray of sense in the matter of artist musicians enlisted or drafted. There has been much objection against putting genius on the firing line, however willing it may be to serve its country. All the musical and many other journals have deplored the fact that the small ranks of genius in this country should be broken up in order to recruit the large ranks of the country's army—for the genius is worth a thousand men to his country's future progress. A prominent example often cited is Percy Grainger, the composer-pianist, who enlisted last summer. Now comes the news that Grainger has been given leave of absence for six months to give recitals, the proceeds of which are to go to the Red Cross funds. That is a sensible procedure. We would suggest an amendment, however, to the extent of making this six months twice a year, so long as the war lasts. And the other musicians of lesser talents should be given positions in base hospitals and quartermaster's departments, where they can do a man's full service and yet their talents be preserved for the country's use in coming years.

Musicians who serve in the front can not be sure of the fate that preserved Los Angeles a Willhartitz and a de Zielinski through the Civil war. They were particularly fortunate. So the country should demand that its rare musical talent be conserved and safe-guarded.

It must be remembered that there are a thousand, yes, ten thousand able doctors, lawyers and preachers, to one good composer. The doctors, lawyers and preachers do not create. They use the material others have created. But the great composer creates. We make no plea for the little musician of moderate talent. He must take his place with the little lawyer—for even the little preacher is exempt.

OLGA Steeb will give a piano recital Friday evening, October 26, at Trinity Auditorium. This announcement is really one of considerable interest to musical Los Angeles from the fact that Miss Steeb is one of the perhaps three or four best artists that Los Angeles has produced. She has been heard all too rarely in her home city—on the plan of a prophet being without honor in his own city. In Berlin a few years ago, she played nine piano concertos with orchestra in three consecutive concerts, which was a *tour de force*, unusual even on the Berlin concert platform. If she had stayed in Berlin, I think she would have, before this, taken a prominent place among European women pianists. Certainly musical Los Angeles should do her honor at this concert next week.

THE war tax on a season ticket for the Metropolitan Opera, New York, will be about \$60. But what do we care? Our tax on a Philharmonic concert course ticket is a dollar. That's one way the public pays for bullets for German consumption. Ten per cent extra—the tax on each ticket—seems a little item on one ticket. But it furnishes the great question for the manager or impresario, at present. How will the public take it? Will it continue to buy two dollar tickets and pay its extra twenty cents? Or will it, instead, buy a dollar-and-a-half ticket, add the fifteen cents tax and save thirty-five cents? In the east, where there is lots of money in circulation, there may be no shrinkage in the sale of higher priced tickets. But in the west, it is a conundrum. The probabilities are that there will be a proportionate shrinkage of concert attendance.

FOR one measurement of the war's difficulties in the theatre world there might be taken the published statement that a single British chain of music halls during thirty three weeks of 1916, when an amusement tax was in operation, paid the sum of \$313,000 to its Government. The annual revenue

from similar taxes now authorized in the United States is estimated the, country over, at \$18,000,000. Taking reports of the Metropolitan's gross business at face value, this one house should give Uncle Sam about one dollar in every hundred collected from theatres for the war. The payment will run will into six figures. This eats up half of even the highest profit credited to New York's opera institution last season. It certainly must end for some years the talk of a new opera building in New York.

THE programs of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra as laid out for the present season are not numerous, but are interesting. Mr. Tandler has felt the pulse of the people in the past four years, and finds that they enjoy most the more modern and less severely classical works. Consequently he has built up his programs to meet that demand. We find Beethoven but once, and Bach, Mendelssohn, Schuman and Brahms not at all. In other words, the symphony concerts are to serve less roast beef and more *chili con carne*. Well,

the times are rather spicy, and Los Angeles must be abreast of them. The programs read as follows, subject to any change:

First program, Dec. 7—*Unfinished Symphony in B minor* Schubert; Concerto for Piano No. 5, (Desedir Vecsei, Soloist) Saint Saens; *Les Preludes*, Liszt; *Finlandia*, Sibelius.

Second program, Jan. 4—*In Springtime Overture*, Goldmark; *Symphony No. 5 in E flat*, Beethoven; *Die Sarazinen* and *Die Shone Alda*, MacDowell; *Caucasian Sketches*, Ippolitow.

Third program, Feb. 1—*Overture Solennelle*, Glazounow; *Symphony in G minor*, Mozart; *Scenes Historiques*, Sibelius; *Espana*, Chabrier.

Fourth program, Mar. 1—*Euryanthe Overture*, Weber; *Symphony in E minor*, Sibelius; *In the Garden and Dance*, Goldmark; *L'Apprenti Sorcier*, Dukas.

Fifth program, Apr. 12—Tschaikowsky program: *Symphony No. 5 in E minor*; *Rococo Variations for Cello and Orchestra*, (Axel Simonsen, Soloist); *Nutcracker Suite*; "1812" Overture.

Sixth program, May 3—*Symphony No. 2 in E minor*, Rachmaninoff; Good Friday Spell from *Parsifal*, Wagner; *A la Chinoise*, Ornstein; *Death and Transfiguration*, Strauss.

IT is rather late to comment on the recital of Margaret Matzenauer, but the unusual quality of her vocalization and interpretation demands mention. Matzenauer came with the highest stamp of endorsement of the musical

world, from Vienna to Buenos Aires. She first came to the Metropolitan in 1911, but this was the first season she has been heard on the Pacific Coast. Her trip has been one continuous acclaim. And well it might be. To sum up, if that were possible, her qualities in a few words, she has all the requirements a great singer and more than the usual allotment. She practically is both contralto and dramatic soprano. Her range is about three octaves and the quality of her voice has not been duplicated by many singers. It seems the extreme of richness, large without roughness, flexible without shallowness. At the same time Matzenauer also is blessed with brains; she is more than a mere exponent of *bel canto*, as so many sopranos are. She falls at once and completely into the mood of the composition in hand, and combines sense with sentiment. She is of the large featured style of beauty which makes its best appearance on the stage, and has an expressive countenance and a gracious manner. And what more would you? From the Handelian aria to the Wagnerian, Matzenauer ranged in an unusual program, not a really hackneyed number on it. And besides she used one of Gertrude Ross' songs as an encore.

Her reception from the audience, which was large and a highly delighted one, was appropriately enthusiastic.



OLGA STEEB

Pianist, in Recital, Trinity Auditorium, Friday evening, Oct. 26

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

One of the most pretentious affairs given in honor of Ambassador Gerard, while a guest in Los Angeles, was the dinner party at which Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark entertained at the California Club. Those invited to meet the honored guest were Judge and Mrs. Charles Monroe, Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Secundo Guasti, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Wann, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Schweppe, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wailes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carlton Lee, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., Mrs. Charles Potter Kling, who with her daughter has just arrived from New York to visit her brother, W. A. Clark, Jr., Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mr. Allen C. Balch, Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow and Mr. Henry C. Nutt.

Mrs. Charles Potter Kling, of New York, and her daughter Miss Katherine Culver, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Clark, Jr., who recently returned from the east. Mrs. Kling is the sister of Mr. Clark. She is planning to pass the winter season in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Harper, of Benton Boulevard, are receiving the felicitations of their friends upon the arrival of a baby daughter. Mrs. Harper, before her marriage, was Miss Ethel McCoy. News of the same import came not so very long ago from Lansing, Michigan, telling of the arrival there of a little daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Austin Hawley Jenison. Mrs. Jenison, whose marriage was one of the fashionable events of last winter, was Miss Margaret Daniell, of Los Angeles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Swift Daniell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross W. Campbell of Los Angeles, left last Sunday for an extended southern and eastern trip, visiting relatives of Mr. Campbell in the south and then go on to New York. They plan to be away about two months.

One of the delightfully informal affairs of the week was the luncheon given Wednesday by Mrs. Edward Bosbyshell, at the Los Angeles Country Club. The guest of honor was Mrs. Edward Maier, who before her recent marriage to Mr. Maier was Miss Kathleen Stegmeyer. One hundred and thirty-five guests were invited to meet this charming bride. Assisting the hostess in entertaining her guests was Mrs. Roland Bishop. Knitting was the diversion for the afternoon.

Friends are welcoming the return of Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Irving Hall Mayfield, who for the time being will make their home in Los Angeles. Mrs. Mayfield, as Miss Juliet Borden, was one of the Southland's most attractive debutantes, and her marriage to Lieutenant Mayfield in October of 1912, was a brilliant social event. Since her marriage they have passed three years in Colon, and two in New London, Ct. Lieutenant Mayfield is now stationed at San Pedro and Long Beach, so that he and his wife will be in close touch with their many old-time friends in Los Angeles. Mrs. Mayfield is just now the house guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Marjory C. Burnett.

Mrs. Alvin B. Carpenter, of Hollywood, is now enjoying a trip through the Middle West, accompanying her husband as far as St. Louis, where Mr. Carpenter was sent to represent the Institute of Mining Engineers, which is held there early in this month. After the institute the Carpenters will visit friends and relatives in Chicago and in Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska. They plan to return home the early part of November.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado are Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo with his staff, including Admiral Carey Greyson, U. S. N., M. B. Clagett, and Sherman Allan. They arrived Saturday morning and left in their private car Tuesday afternoon for Los Angeles. The Secretary, who was here for a rest, accepted no entertainments, but entertained informally with a luncheon at the hotel Sunday afternoon, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. G. Aubrey Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wangenheim, Isador Dockweiler, Admiral Grayson, Mr. Clagett, Congressman William Kettner, and Sherman Allan.

Other arrivals for the week end included Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Whiteside, of Pasadena, and their daughter, Mrs. Ruth Parsons and small grandson, Jack Parsons, who motored down, as did Mr. and Mrs. Charles Y. Knight and their charming young daughter, Miss Agnes Knight, the merry party returning to their homes Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Hohse, their daughter, Miss Minnie Robertson, and her friend, Miss Marie Holw, all of the Crown City, came down in their automobile Saturday morning, returning home Monday evening.

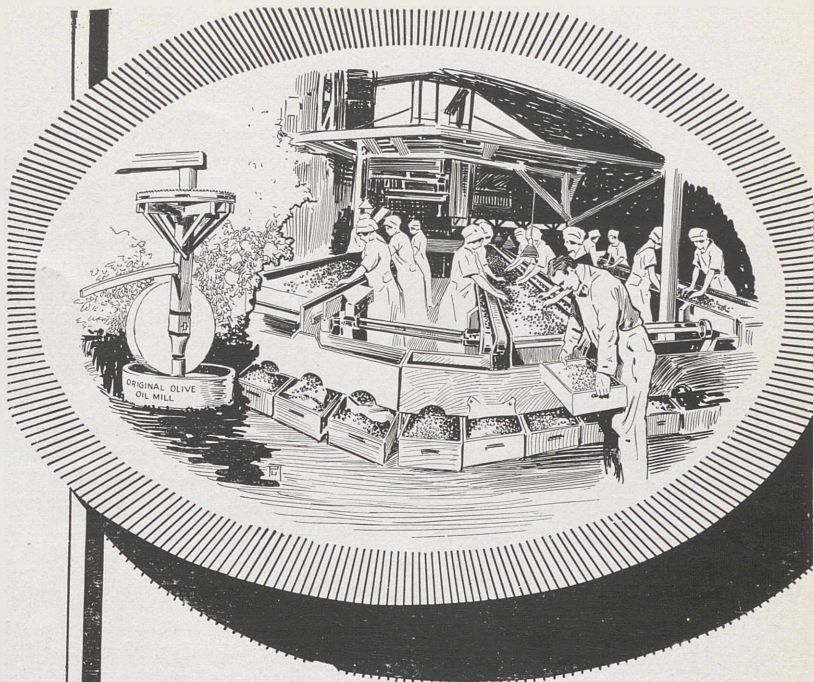
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Buckingham and Mrs. S. R. Dixon motored down Thursday for an extended sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. David Blankenhorn, of Pasadena, and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Dulin, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hall, W. Gregory Cuppa and Guy Wolverton, also of the Crown City, are among the recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. David E. Llewellyn, Mr. and Mrs. Chester L. Whitnah and their charming young daughter, Miss Dorothea Whitnah, and her friend, Miss Sylvia Moore, motored down to the famous watering place for the week end, and Mrs. James Rathwell Page, wife of Lieutenant Page, U. S. A., who is stationed at Camp Kearny, passes each week end at Hotel del Coronado—Lieutenant Page joining her Saturday afternoons and returning to camp Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter, of Newport, R. I., motored down from Los Angeles to Hotel del Coronado Saturday, and remained for several days at the hotel. They are touring the Pacific Coast in their machine, having been at the Beverly Hills Hotel for several days, and after a sojourn at Coronado motored over to Riverside where they were guests at the Mission Inn.

Rear Admiral Charles A. Gove, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Gove, of San Francisco, are guests at Hotel del Coronado for an indefinite sojourn having arrived the latter part of September.



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MOTOR NOTES

By LEW HEAD

WE MAY all look forward to one fact, as applied to the coming Automobile Show—that the stock car of popular size is a thing of the past for exhibition purposes. While all dealers are expectedly reluctant to announce the character of their exhibits, it is not difficult to judge from what they do say, that there will be few stock cars of five-passenger size on display, as compared with stock cars specially equipped. As nearly as I can judge now, two features will characterize the forthcoming "motor car fashion show"—tops and colors. In other words, the painter and maker of tops will have full sway. And, without doubt, this exhibition will undoubtedly put New York and Chicago in a camouflage on this score.

There was a time—and you all remember it—not many years ago, when the principal feature of an automobile show was mechanics, pure and simple. Not so now! Once let the public know that any car has a smooth, powerful and economical motor; a strong, durable and sensible construction; comfortable riding qualities—and that's all they care about mechanics in an automobile. But—and this is the great difference—give them color, style, attractiveness and all sorts of innovations that please, in that car. That's the popular car nowadays; that's the Seventh Annual Auto Show in a nutshell.

WHILE the dates have been set and all arrangements have been made to open the Seventh Annual Auto Show Monday, November 12, and keep it open until about midnight the following Saturday, it has been intimated by officials in charge that the continuation of the affair for a few days or even a week longer is not a remote improbability. The increasing popularity of exhibitions of motor cars in all parts of the United States finds Los Angeles no exception. With an area double that of last year, and a phenomenal increase in automobile interest throughout Southern California, a correspondingly larger attendance is certain. With these facts under consideration, it is understood that the committee in charge is making its plans with the idea of extending the period fully in view.

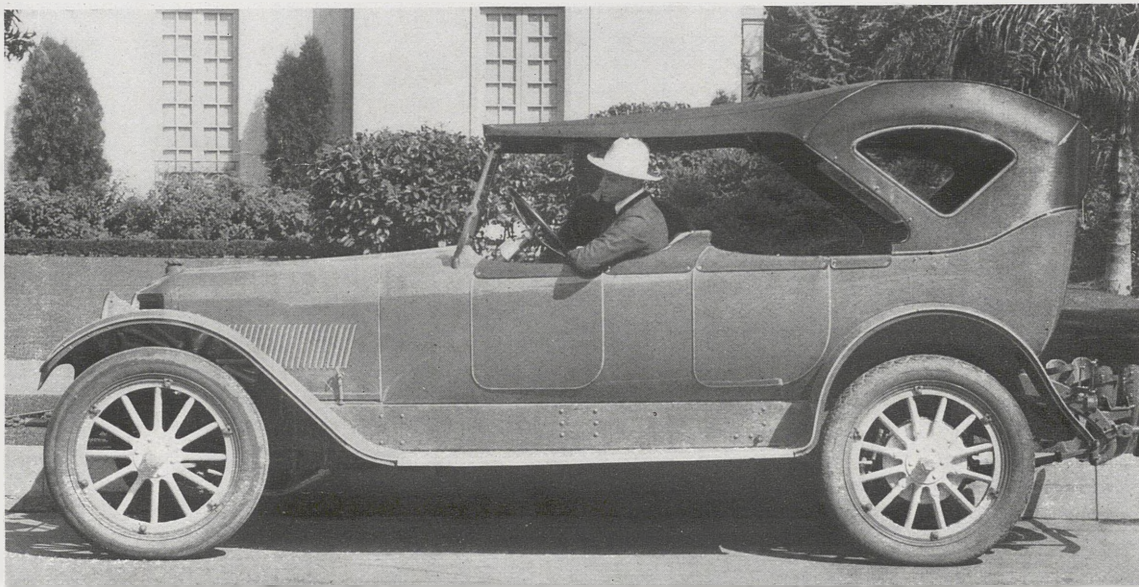
IT DOES beat the "Dutch" how the automobile trade continues in California. A leading Los Angeles distributor said to me this week, "How do you account for it? Why is it, that an article of merchandise so closely approximating a luxury continues to sell in constantly increasing volume, month after month, without any apparent let-up in sight?" I do not know. September registrations, officially compiled in San Francisco, show that there were 3372 cars delivered to new owners in that month. If each motor car represents an average valuation of \$1000, which must be admitted to be conservative, this industry shows a gross volume of sales in excess of \$3,000,000, or an annual business close to \$40,000,000. Generally speaking, California is divided into two distributing districts, one under the supervision of Los Angeles wholesalers, and the other under San Francisco. For some time, each city's distributors have vied for sales predominance. September shows San Francisco in the lead, with 1964 cars, leaving Los Angeles with 1408 to her credit. As usual, in the less than \$1000 class, the Ford leads with 1642; Dodge with 431 and Maxwell with 225. In the \$1000 to \$2000 class, Overland tops the list with 525; Buick, 328; Studebaker, 319. In the class above \$2000, Cadillac registers 65. No cars of higher price than the Cadillac appear on the September report.

A BRAND new Stutz is in our midst, so Walter M. Brown Company announces. It is a 1918, seven-passenger, advance model. The innovations observed in this new creation are several. It has the 16-valve motor, Spanish leather upholstery, pantasote top, wire wheels, Silvertown or Goodyear Cord tires (optional), counter-balanced crank shaft and double headed Bosch ignition. To the public eye, the changes in line are more noticeable. The freeboard and hood are considerably higher, giving more of a streamline effect. The body is lower hung than the previous seven-passenger models. Both front and rear seats, undivided, are very deep and rest upon the floor of the car. This particular car is furnished in the Stutz red, blue, maroon or elephant gray colors. The latter is the color of the first arrival. The Stutz regular equipment is one of the most complete provided in this country, even to a spotlight. The Los Angeles price is quoted at \$2900.

THE MOST useless thing in the world is a "motor cop" on the Ridge Route to Bakersfield", says Frank M. Woodward, a Los Angeles automobile salesman who makes the trip many times a year. He also makes a similar vigorous statement, that "damage to automobiles that travel over this route is greater than the cost to repair it." "It is largely the fault of Los Angeles county", continued Woodward. "The most deplorable part of the road lies between Saugus and Lebec, all within this county. Not long ago, this highway was in fairly good condition. Recently, however, because of a fleet of heavy stages making the round trip every day, heavy truck hauling, and scores of oil wagons, it is both expensive and dangerous to journey to Bakersfield. Between Lebec and Bakersfield, the route is not so bad. The policing of this road from the first grade, through the Tejon pass would be a wise move. Stage drivers come tearing around those curves, both by night and day, with such speed and carelessness that one takes his life in his hands to attempt it. If the Ridge Route was closed now, and all travel detoured through Boquet Canyon, all necessary work could be completed before Boquet is closed for the winter. Now, by all means, is the time to put this scenic road in repair. As it is at present all scenic value is lost, owing to the extreme care one must take in driving." Bakersfield, via the Boquet Canyon road is two hours further distant but that temporary inconvenience would be an honest price to pay for the improved condition.

MANY motor car distributors were in a quandry last week, wondering in what manner they should add the war tax to the selling prices of the cars they handle. The measure provides that the manufacturer shall pay 3% of the factory price on all stock on hand at the time the law went into effect. The wholesaler was to pay 1½% on all stock on hand.

Whether the wholesaler had the right to add 4½% to the price of cars in stock was the question. To "play safe" it was agreed that all distributors should add 3% to their prices. Then came information, presumably from a government source, to the effect that the wholesaler had no right to add more than 1½% and that anything in excess of that amount would have to be rebated to the purchaser later, should the latter ever make claim for the extra 1½%. In some strange manner,



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both the retail dealer and the individual owner were exempted from all taxes on their cars. On all cars shipped from factories after the law went into effect, the manufacturer will pay 3% into the United States Treasury; this will be charged to the distributor. On all cars sold by wholesalers to retail dealers, after the law went into effect, the former will have to pay 1½%; this in addition to the 3% will be charged to the retailer. On all cars sold to individual owners by dealers, after the law went into effect, the owner will have to pay all the war tax, or 4½%. So, poor Mr. Consumer is the "goat" in the ultimate analysis.

WERE one to divide all present, prospective local automobile buyers into occupations and professions, he would probably discover that by far the greater number is found among the motion picture people in and around Los Angeles. As in many other lines of business in this city, the automobile trade has benefited beyond the ability of any one to calculate. Not only has the motion picture profession stimulated this line of merchandising, but it has had still another effect upon it. As a result of a condition of temperament, desire for spot-light fame, or a more highly developed appreciation of art values—or whatever it may be—Los Angeles is the recognized leader of the world in the setting of automobile styles. In its production of an infinite variety of colors, shades and trimmings, as applied to paint jobs, this city is famous. In the matter of interior decorations, such as top linings, seat covers, glass windows, with their drapes, and electric fittings, no city approaches Los Angeles in its advance ideas. While for specially built tops and many other equipment ideas, this city may be likened to old Paris in launching dress fashions for women. And, for all this, Los Angeles dealers have the motion picture residents of this city to thank. Through their motor car ideals, Los Angeles has assumed a unique position among cities where automobiles are widely used.

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THE annual ingathering of the Needlework Guild takes place November fifth. As the local branch of the Guild last year collected 10,500 new garments for the ingathering and as they are determined to make the number even larger this year, it means that everyone who possibly can must lend their aid to this work. The garments collected by the Guild are distributed through all our local charities to our own needy and suffering; and our intense interest for the soldiers and war work must not make us forget the more-than-ever-needed local work. Two new garments or the equivalent in money, and ten cents, constitute a membership. The 10,500 garments received last year means that 5250 people contributed. This year the Guild wants 10,000 contributors at least, which would mean 20,000 garments—a splendid record to make. It makes no difference what the color, the nationality or the creed may be, if the person is needy and suffering they receive some garments. There are no stated meetings of the Guild to attend and no reasons for spending money except to purchase garments. Thus the Guild for actual service and economic results produces the maximum. Garments are received at headquarters, 906 Wright & Callendar Building—telephone A4380. If everyone interested would try to interest a friend, this year's ingathering would be a wonderful success.

AT ORPHEUM

TWO big headline attractions will make a notable Orpheum week, opening Monday matinee, Oct. 22. One is Charles Kellogg, the nature man, and the other is Jessie Busley. Of Mr. Kellogg, volumes might be written, but his former visit to the Orpheum is very keen in memory and words are hardly needful save in announcing his return. His uncanny familiarity with the secrets of nature stamps him as one man apart. He knows all the songs of the birds, and because he has a bird throat he can reproduce them. He knows the ways of animals, and they fraternize with him. He knows wood craft as no other man does, because he has lived in the California woods all his life. Miss Busley is well known both in vaudeville and in the "legitimate" theatres, and in "The Bishop's Carriage" she made a world-wide reputation. She comes back to her own in a Willard Mack play, "Pansy's Particular Punch," but all Mack's plays have a punch of their own. The third and last episode of the films of the German Retreat at Arras will be displayed the coming week. On the new bill also come Marie Stoddard, in a vaudeville caricature; some clever work embraced in it; Ezra Mathews and co-partner in a Hugh Herbert skit, "Prosperity," and Mang & Snyder, the 20th century wonder athletes, while Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker, in "A Pair of Tickets"; David Sapirstein the pianist, and Kerr and Ensign, the talking fiddle exponents remain over.

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UNIVERSITY EXTENSION

By DR. JAMES MAIN DIXON

OWING to lack of space in our last issue the copy material dealing with the Verse-Writers' Club in its relation to the University of California Extension was abruptly brought to a close. It is but right, therefore that the subject should have first attention in this issue. The article had gone to say that an attractive feature of this year's activity, in addition to the usual criticism of original poems submitted, would be the serious class study of Science and Art of Versification. This course is being given at the request of the Club under the auspices of the University of California Extension Bureau. The course will consist of a series of fifteen discussions of various verse-forms, including not only blank verse, heroic couplets, sonnets, and ballads, but the unusual forms, the rondeau, the triolet, the rondel, and the villanelle.

The club requested that the instructor in charge be the writer of this article, who has on various occasions acted as the professional critic of the Verse Writers' original work. "How should I treat the subject so as to insure the best results?" This was my problem when I met the class the first time last Thursday evening.

A score of years ago, in the excellent series of selected poems known as The Canterbury Poets, William Sharp brought out the volume entitled "Sonnets of the Century." It was prefaced by a valuable discourse on this very technical form. Sharp is best remembered by the literary world today by his strange dual personality, for he wrote as a woman under the name of Fiona Macleod, and imposed upon all but the most keenly critical. He always interested me personally, as he was born in the same Scottish town as myself, in the same year; but if we met as boys I do not remember. In regard to the technique of poetry he was well equipped. Many years ago he contributed an article to an English magazine which was copied in *Littell's Living Age*. He was speaking on the need of more attention to form in modern poetic efforts. While recognizing fully as much *motif* or weight of thought and adequacy of inspiration in the recent productions of the American muse as can be found in British work, yet he desired more certainty of touch, more Petrarchan finish. The want of a final imprint of purely literary skill still leaves, he thought, in the second rank many an American sonnet or lyric whose weight entitles it to a higher grade.

It is to meet this demand that the Verse-Writer's Club of this city has been organized. I proposed to make William Sharp's criticism and recommendation the foundation for my whole treatment. He had three recommendations to offer. First, an absolutely high standard of workmanship that makes the composer dissatisfied with anything but the best. Secondly, a ruthless and often seemingly cruel alteration or destruction of what is defective or otherwise unsatisfactory in structure or detail. Thirdly and here he touched a vital point, a horror of sentimentality, by which is to be understood all production which appeals to the feelings when they are in a warped condition, owing to deficiency of intellectual insight.

As the sentimentality of one people is not the same as that of another, the best cure for sentimentality is wide reading in many literatures. Outbreaks of sentimentality, it will be found, are led or originated by writers whose intellectual range is limited and whose sympathies are national or provincial in an unbalanced way; writers, in fact, who would have been miserable had they been transplanted to some other territory or country. They would fail to respond to the calls of a human nature that appears in unfamiliar surroundings. Sentimentality is fatal to the higher grades of poetry; and as it is apt to exist in the best woman's work, there need be little surprise that no woman has yet come near the higher heights of poetry. Now the same training that helps to cure sentimentality will also go to cure imperfect versification. The willingness to be satisfied with what is pleasing on the surface, with what

comes easily and flowingly, is a tendency that ought to be striven against. And the way to counteract it is to insist on a rigid training in metrical forms as they have existed in those countries whose literatures have moulded and fashioned our own.

The thorough instruction in Latin versification that has been so marked a feature of the great public schools and universities of England has impressed on the leaders of thought there a sense of order and finish in language, such as is given in a different medium by a close study of architecture. The two studies, as we know, present wonderfully many points of similarity. If we refuse the name of architect to a mere builder, who, desirous of producing a building that is above all things attractive presents a bizarre mixture of style; so must we deny the title of poet to the writer of verse who will not take time or trouble to master the long established rules of propriety in versification. I recall an elaborate City Hall in one of our leading cities, which delighted, so far as plans and elevations went and at first blush, the members of the City Council; and

now is known among the judicious as "The Drunkard's Dream". Some of my audience last Thursday, after the meeting was over, asked me what exactly I meant by Sentimentality. It is a condition that is apt to be induced by the wine-cup. The critic who dubbed the city hall in question "The Drunkard's Dream" meant to imply that it was a product of such sentimentality as is observed in the man who is not sober; he does not see things "steadily or see them whole".

The rigid training in classical verse forms, without which no student could look for honors at either of the great English universities, was invaluable as a mental discipline, and produced many indirect effects. These are particularly observable in such poets as Tennyson and Arnold, giving them a certainty of literary touch, often so regrettably absent elsewhere. It is absent in Longfellow, who gave one of his justly popular lyrics an ungrammatical title, "Excelsior" in place of "Excelsius"; and in Poe who often trifled and toyed with delicate phrases, giving the reader a feeling of insincerity.

But this system of education, limited in its range, though excellent as a gymnastic, has become a thing of the past. In England it has had its day, and the universities call for more up-to-date methods. It has never had a hold upon the United States, where immediate practical results are always in demand. Meanwhile Versification goes by the board, and strange and monstrous weeds grow up in the lyrical garden. What scholars now demand is direct teaching of English verse forms, as an essential and important element in every good course of instruction. The influence formerly obtained in education must now be secured



MISS GRACE DENNEN

Principal of Girl's Collegiate School and president of the Verse Writer's Club

directly. And in this way an exact training in versification will be open to both sexes, and the reproach taken away from the verse work of women that it is wanting in sureness of literary form; that it is empirical.

So much for Mr. Sharp's contention. Something else must be done that has an immediate appeal; the bringing together of musical and literary training. Poetry differs from prose in that it shares with music a definite recurring rhythm or movement which can be represented and identified by means of the ordinary musical notation, if we leave out the stave. Why not get rid of the outworn vocabulary of iamb, dactyl, spondee, which are only really valuable for classical poetry and adopt a familiar system which registers the vitally important element of stress? The best contribution to the subject was recommended to my attention many years ago by Professor Leon Richardson, of the Latin Department in the University at Berkeley. It is a modest pamphlet termed "The Basis of Rhythm", and is the work of a Scottish schoolmaster, who took a London University degree. So far it has not yet received the attention it deserves. The Southern Poet, Sidney, was interested in this connection, and has

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written a suggestive book on the subject. Meanwhile instructors must keep to the old vocabulary; and as a handy manual for classroom use I would recommend Parsons' "English Versification" (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn).

Next week in the U. C. Extension rooms on the fourth floor of the Union League Building, (Second and Hill), I hope to continue with a discussion of the Staff Notation As Applied to Verse, and also touch upon the Physiology of Verse, following up an article under that name in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Page From an Old Volume of Life."

ART OF THE MOMENT

(Continued from page 14)

artist are a messy conglomeration—much like the product of some tea tables at which we are asked to drink—at most unimpeachable parties, too. Perhaps Mr. Bischoff had been drinking some of it.

Carl Yens in *Where the Maiden-Hair Fern Grows* seems to be telling a mystery story. But the veiled tones and suggestive lines that mystery demands are not there—nothing but a telegraph pole masquerading as a tree, and rocks that make flint look like elder down. Probably Mr. Yens knows what he means. But I defy anyone else to find out. His *Carnation Field* is in an entirely different mood—rather a good bit of color, seen through impressionist eyes. Like the dear enemies with whom one must keep up a polite bowing acquaintance, distance lends it great enchantment.

Market Day in Taos, by Doris Rosenthal, is wholly in the Taos style—solid Indian, adobe dwelling in the background, colors that wave flags of defiance in your eyes, yet possessing a clear freshness of technique that comes from mastery of *metier* and materials.

A wind-blown sycamore on a green hill slope is the subject of Ernest Browning Smith's *The Sycamore, Spring*. There is much poetic feeling in the simple composition, and the delicate coloring suggests the tenderness of opening buds.

The exhibition of sculpture, though small, is excellent. Ells Buchanan shows *The Altar of the Nations*, a bit of "war art" that instantly arouses interest for its theme, apart from its technical value. A dismembered soldier lies prostrate upon a cannon ball before the kneeling figure of a woman symbolic of the cause of the allied nations; her face is blurred, a subtle touch, by-the-way—but upon it is great nobility, expressive of the spirit in which she accepts the sacrifice, as upon an altar sacred to a high cause. *The Moving Finger Writes*, by the same artist, is a most unusual thing—a head strange, yet beautiful, with a certain grimness upon the calm features indicating the inexorability of fate as it writes the word that can never be unwritten.—Julia Bracken Wendt exhibits three fine portrait busts in bronze which show her usual good characterization and forceful execution.—The largest, and in many ways the most attractive piece of sculpture is C. Gruenfeld's *Song of the Frog*, a fountain design representing a young girl bent gracefully to listen to the frog on the ground at her feet.

These are but a few of the things offered for our inspection in the spacious gallery at Exposition Park. The exhibition is a really notable one. It will remain open to the public during the remainder of the month. In these days

of wars and Billy Sundays, and flowing patriotism and short skirts, it is soothing to turn aside for a moment into the temples dedicated to beauty. We need wars—when a beer-soaked Prussian takes ideas into his head that can only be got out by cannon balls; and we certainly need skirts—though I am not so sure of the need of shortness. But assuredly we do need a sight of the eternal verities that persist behind all this toil and toil and chili con carne. We need to see blue heights and soft shadows, and the joyous golds of sunny hills and gardens. We need to know, too, that here in our midst is a group of artists who are giving us the best of their souls—expressions of beauty stored up through long years of work and aspiration, some of which are surely destined to live long after our short skirts are rags and our wars history.

RECENT BOOKS

(Continued from page 24)

streets. And "Brian" stands out from the crowd, pathetic in his restlessness, in his desires to be up and out from the casual sophistication of his environment. Tremendous vistas are sketched in a few words. Four or five paragraphs vividly portray the callous brutality of medical students, and the New York lawyer's cold indifference to justice. Mr. Trite draws a bad woman better than he does a good woman; and, therefore, "Marcelle" is not nearly so convincing a picture as "Christine." The book is delicately and subtly satirical, and scathing in its judgment of a heartless and brainless aristocracy. (Brian Banaker's Autobiography, by W. B. Trites. Alfred A. Knopf.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT, by Winston Churchill. Macmillan Company.

BRITAIN IN ARMS, by Jules Destree. CHRIST IN HADES, by Stephen Phillips; John Lane Company.

THE HUMAN TRAGEDY, by Anatole France. John Lane Company.

IN HAPPY VALLEY, by John Fox, Jr. Chas. Scribners.

CLOUD BOAT STORIES, by Olive Roberts Hhaddon. Houghton Mifflin Company.

MEMOIRS OF COL. JOHN S. MOSBY. Edit.

THE MASK, by Florence Irwin. THE UNSEEN HOST AND OTHER PLAYS, by Percival Wilde; THE WHITE MONARCH AND THE GAS HOUSE PUP, by R. G. Kirk; FAMILIAR WAYS, by Marguerite Sherwood; THE COMMUNITY THEATRE, by Louise Burleigh; GREEN JACKET, by Jennette Lee; RUNNING FREE by James B. Connelly.

JAHNKE'S TAVERN

IN OUR issue of October first there inadvertently appeared in THE GRAPHIC a reported statement by Vance Thompson, who was to have talked before the Optimist Club at Jahnke's Tavern, to this effect: that he "would not speak at any German beer garden 'fore Gott or the Kaiser." Such a reference to Jahnke's Tavern was of course utterly unwarranted. This cafe is well known, not as a "beer garden," but as a high class, respectable restaurant conducted by patriotic American citizens and THE GRAPHIC deeply regrets the insertion of the aforesaid reported remarks of Vance Thompson.

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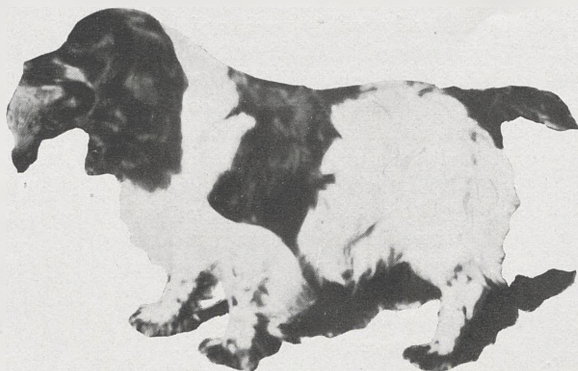
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KENNEL COMMENT

By R. C. HALSTED

THE San Diego Kennel Club held its organization meeting on the sixth of the present month. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year; President, Mr. William Clayton; Vice President, Mr. H. H. Jones; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. John P. Brown. In addition to these gentlemen the active members are Dr. Gordon T. Courtenay, Bob Blankenship, C. L. Williams, Joe Sefton, Jr., R. C. Gunning, J. W. Rife, Frank Belcher, Jr., C. P. Douglas, and Dr. W. G. Oliver. Mr. Clayton, the president of the club, is Vice President and Managing Director of the Spreckels Companies. Mr. Jones, the vice president is manager of the San Diego Gas and Electric Company. Jack Brown, secretary-treasurer, scarcely needs an introduction to the fancy as he is one of our oldest exhibitors on the coast and has filled the office of judge on several occasions. The entire membership of the new club is made up of influential men in the professional, financial, and social life of the southern city, and from the interest already manifested it is safe to predict that their first show will be a great success. As announced in our last issue, Mr. George Steadman Thomas, of Hamilton, Massachusetts, has been engaged to judge all breeds. The new club has already made application to American Kennel Club for active membership, and the dates January 18 and 19, of 1918, have been claimed for the initial event. We have been invited to superintend and show-secretary the affair. The organization of the San Diego Kennel Club has been brought about through the efforts of Mr. Blankenship, Dr. Courtenay and Mr. Brown.

IN THIS issue we are reproducing a very charming photograph of Mrs. Earle Remington with her recent importations of Japanese Spaniels. For some time past these good little dogs have been few in numbers at our Coast shows, and it is therefore gratifying to know that this lady is doing her part toward reviving the breed in Southern California. Mrs. Remington is a native of Dixie Land where she was the owner of many fine horses and dogs. During the past few years she and her husband have resided in Hawaii, and it was during her residence in Honolulu that she began importing the Japs. She has several very fine specimens which will be exhibited at the Los Angeles show next month. Mrs. Remington has presented one of the dogs to the American Red Star Animal Relief, to be raffled or sold for the aid of that charity. The Japanese Spaniel is one of the most attractive of the toy breeds, and we would no doubt see many more of them if it were not for the difficulty of getting them over from their native land. A great many of those that are shipped die on the way over, and in most instances the cause of death seems shrouded in mystery. It has been repeatedly alleged that some fatal potion is administered to the dogs just before they go onboard which destroys them after they are a week or so at sea. A good pair of



The Late Champion Silver Lake Result

imported Japs will find ready sale in California for around five hundred dollars.

THE Premium Lists and Entry Blanks for the Los Angeles Kennel Club's Inaugural Dog Show are now in the hands of the exhibitors. The list of trophies and special prizes to be offered are about double anything of the kind ever attempted in this end of the State. In all there are three hundred and thirty-four prizes, consisting of sterling and silver plated loving cups, medals, art objects, etc. Should any exhibitor fail to receive a copy of the Premium List one will be gladly sent upon application to the secretary at 1009 Security Bldg., Los Angeles. The dates of the show are November 15, 16 and 17. Entries close at midnight November 1st. Chas. G. Hopton, Esq., of New York City will judge all breeds.

ON the date of this issue of THE GRAPHIC Pasadena is to have a street fair and pet stock show for the benefit of the Belgian children. Mr. W. A. Brackenridge, Vice-President of the Southern California Edison Company, is the director general of the affair, and has asked us to look after the exhibition of dogs which will be one of the principal features. There is to be no judging, and no entry fees will be charged; neither will there be any prizes given out. The dogs and all other entires will be present for exhibition only. Owners will be allowed to make sales at the show, 15 per cent of the selling price to be donated to the Belgian relief fund. The fair is to be held under canvas. A large tent, sixty by one hundred feet, will protect the exhibits. The Pasadena Kennel Club and the Pasadena Poultry Association have donated benching and coops so that each entry will have comfortable quarters. The Pasadena Nurseries have donated an abundance of potted plants which will give a pleasing effect to the enclosure. The Seelig Zoo, E. & R. Jungle Film Company, Bostock's Arena, Birdland, Fancier's Exchange, H. S. Seely and many others will exhibit large collections of animals and birds. The doggy people have responded very liberally, and every one is working hard for the success of the show.



MRS. EARLE REMINGTON

And some recent importations of Japanese Spaniels

THE American Fox Terrier Specialty Show, scheduled for October 9th, on the estate of Mr. George Steadman Thomas, at Hamilton, Mass., has been postponed to the 23rd inst. It is understood that John J. Holgate, Esq., of Doncaster, England, who is to judge the show, has been obliged to alter his plans in leaving the other side, hence a postponement was necessary. Mr. Holgate is connected with the British Army, but has been granted a leave of absence to judge the big fox terrier meet at Hamilton.

WHEN we spoke of Mrs. Duncan's collie, Glenisla Janice, as having been a recent visitor to the Inna Kennels, we did not know that she was in lease to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Rand, owners of the Brae Brook Kennels at Santa Rosa. Puppies from Janice sired by Ch. Inna Select should give a very favorable accounting for themselves. Their appearance on the bench some time next summer is sure to attract much attention. The Brae Bourne Ranch, home of Mr. and Mrs. Rand, and the Brae Brook Collies, is situated in the hills near Santa Rosa and comprises 175 acres. The dogs have ideal quarters and an unlimited play ground in the surrounding hills.

DURING the past few weeks there has been far more sorrow than joy at the home of Mrs. F. M. Connor, owner of the Bellemore Kennels, in Pasadena. Mrs. Connor herself has been critically ill and is far from strong now. We wish her a speedy recovery and the return of her usual good health. Dr. Connor has attached himself to the medical corps of the army and has been given the rank of first

lieutenant. His uniforms and equipment have been prepared and orders to leave home may be received at any hour. In addition to this temporary breaking up of the family the favorite dog of the kennel has gone to doggy heaven. The justly famed Ch. Silver Lake Result is no more. Probably no other cocker spaniel has had such a long and successful career on the coast as "Bob." He was a veteran shower—knew the game better than some humans—and usually when he turned his big soft eyes on the judge that individual capitulated. Mrs. Connor brought Ch. Silver Lake Result to the coast in 1909. He was first shown here in that year under Mr. George Steadman Thomas and swept the boards. He completed his championship without encountering a single defeat. As a sire he has had few equals. Ch. Bellmore Phyllis and Miss Ruth Smith's Bellmore Result claim him as their sire. A litter of eight strong males, sons of this great little dog, were born almost on the eve of his death. Next June he would have been ten years old. A good one has gone.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued from page 17)

But the title in the picture informed us that the men were saving their strength until they were near the enemy trench. Presently the men return from the charge, still very slowly, and driving three hatless German soldiers before them. The camera is suddenly shifted nearer—you see one of the prisoners, a German boy, with a bewildered face and rumpled hair, at close range. He stares hard, straight at you. Then the scene is snapped off.

IN addition to the war pictures there's a good average bill this week. Theodore Kosloff and his Imperial Russian Ballet (all these Russian ballets are imperial) provide another entertaining

program. I confess to a special fondness for the Russian Peasant Dance done by Natacha Rambova (or letters to that effect) and Ivan Viceroff. It was a colorful, rhythmic picture. The young man is agile and Rambova is a beautiful girl. Both Theodore Kosloff and Vera Fredowa are clever dancers of the conventional ballet type. Fredowa's nightingale dance was a deft and delicate contribution. Kosloff and the diminutive Maria Maslova offered a charming number.

David Sapirstein, is a pianist of considerable distinction, whose fluent playing won deserved applause, while Tom Kerr and Edith Ensign, with their talking fiddles offered an unusual and charming interlude. Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker, and company, appeared in a brisk line of songs and patter called "A Pair of Tickets" and those clever singers Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich gave us an interesting musical act.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM, REVISED

The Torrens is a title
I shall not want;
It maketh me to lay down my money
It soureth my soul;
It leadeth me into a mass of trouble
For it's unsafe;
Yea, tho' I go thru the process of recording mine instruments,
I fear much evil;
The Registrar and his Certificates discomfort me,
I annoint my deeds with ink
My fountain pen runneth over;
I sign my deeds in the presence of a Notary.
Surely if this thing keepeth up
All the days of my life
I will dwell in a mortgaged house forever.
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H. O. DAVIS—FILM REVOLUTIONARY

(Continued from page 15)

"In life it often happens that the leads are played by character men and women. In fact this world's population is composed mostly of character people. The ingenue and the leading man with the pretty face are not so everlastingly important. Now, as we're trying to produce stories that truthfully portray phases of life, we set great store by character people. I'm paying character actors from \$100 to \$125 a week, while ingenues are getting only from \$60 to \$75 a week.

"Very often a strong picture is released in which, apparently, the ingenue is the most important figure. The people who see the picture go out remembering the pretty girl, who perhaps only walked through the picture.

after the thing got old and smelly. And I frequently found it in the waste basket.

But it's different with Mr. Davis.

Mention was made as to the palatialness (yes, yes, I know there isn't any such word, but I am going to use it anyhow) of his office. He didn't get a bit excited about it.

"Well," he said, quite soberly and defensively, "you know this isn't my idea. It was furnished this way when I moved in."

"What is your attitude toward massive productions?" I asked.

"When the story calls for a massive production," he answered, "I believe in making it. But I don't believe in deliberately going in for that sort of thing and making it the chief end. Do you know that the most costly, the most



H. O. DAVIS with JULIAN JOHNSON

Chief of the Scenario Department, on the lot at Culver City

They don't consider the character people who supported her, the people are the very fibre of the story. Take them away and the ingenue will be a weak thing. So then, I say, have your pretty girl in the picture, but don't get an exaggerated sense of her importance. And don't let her get it.

"No wonder a great many motion picture stars get exaggerated notions about themselves. They can't very well help it. The idea is thrust at them from all directions. Recently a man came to me whom I consider one of the best character men in the business. I said, 'I haven't seen you in anything lately.' He explained ruefully that he had been appearing with a famous star, but that the star wouldn't allow him to face the camera when he, the star, was in the scene. And as the star was in most of the scenes the character man was buried. 'Nobody sees much of me nowadays,' he said.

Mr. Davis is so unostentatious in garb and demeanor that the gorgeousness of his private office was astonishing. Yet on his desk lay a corn cob pipe.

Ha, contrast! "Make a note of that," I said to myself. "Splendor of office—old yellow pipe. Characteristic—Scotch, canny, thrifty."

I used to smoke a corn cob pipe, myself, but no one ever called me canny or thrifty. Terms more stinging and uncomplimentary were used; especially

massive production ever made has not yet paid its promotion costs, much less its costs of production?

"There's another important point on which I disagree with some other producers and that is in the use of script. Take the comedies that one famous producer makes. He believes in working without a script, I don't. In the morning his director, camera man and company go out on the lot. 'Well, what shall we do today?' they say. They talk it over, work out some gags, and take them. This goes on day after day until they think they've taken enough. Then the incidents are arranged in continuity. I believe that way of working is all wrong. I think the script of the comedy should be prepared beforehand and that the players should know the story they are expected to put over.

"In serious pictures I think it is even more important for the players to know the story. You know the usual method of making pictures. Very often the players have only a vague notion of why they do certain things. Sometimes they don't know at all. 'Cry!' says the director, and the actress does it without knowing why. Now I hold that it is very important for players to know why they do certain things. So we provide each one with a general synopsis of the story so that he may know what has gone before and what is to follow. And, in addition, we provide a character synopsis for each part."

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Of THE GRAPHIC published three times monthly at Los Angeles, Calif., for October 1st, 1917.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES (ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Lawrence Fenton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of the GRAPHIC and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1917, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, repinted on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—E. D. Rand, 424 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor—E. D. Rand, 424 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Managing Editor—E. D. Rand, 424 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

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2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. D. Rand, 424 So. Broadway, Los Angeles.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest or direct indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Alfred Lawrence Fenton, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1917.

[SEAL]

J. M. Bohannon

(My commission expires March 20, 1918.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General, (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

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